



Þ Magazine, Second Revised Edition I

✠ Issued this month IV of the year MMVIII ✠

The title of this new publication project derives from the arcane triple-pronged Þ Device, symbolising the Staff of the Horned God and the Map of the Mother Goddess. Þ further resonates with the ancient Greek letter Y (upsilon), being the equivalent of the English U (for UNITE). Know that here Þ does become the *Litera Pythagorae* [Letter of Pythagoras], that possessed an esoterically mathematical significance for his Mystery School and was later adopted as the secret sign of the Gnostics, where the two slanting branches symbolize the paths of Virtue and Vice, with the central connecting trunk rooting all in Earth, site of the Great Game. Þ also glyphs the WHY? Spell beloved of that exalted breed whom Accepts Nothing and Questions Everything. And should things start to get heavy, then Þ can quickly be transformed into a catapult. Equal-armed, Þ may fold in on itself to fashion the bronze tripod upon which sat the Pythoess, who uttered forth the oracular responses of her mystic lover Apollo at Temple Delphi, inside of which shone the sacred eternal flame, as at front stood the cone-shaped *Omphalos* navel stone of our fair planet. This in turn resonates with the Þ-forked hazel wand long employed by psychic sensitives as a magic amplifying instrument, to dowse for existing but hidden things. Ultimately perhaps, Þ is the visual mystic character for the threefold Hindu AUM mantra, the primary sacred word, that, when chanted, can help to awaken inside the Hogi the wondrous Kundalini Serpent Power, with its tessellated split-Þ two-in-one tongue of poison and nectar.

Udderterritorial

As a direct result of bewitching sybaritic adventures fuelled by invisible octopus ink, we welcome you to the inaugural issue of Y MAGAZINE (UNITE), being the most official organ of Cult S.I.R.I.U.S (Surrealist Illuminati Revolution In Utopian Satanism). As the perceptive cabbalists amongst you may have already deduced, aside from functioning as an instantly recognisable signifier to like minds, our acronym conceals a related series of instructional axioms. Phonetically and abstractly, it becomes: SERIOUS. In ancient Egypt, the Mother Goddess Isis was associated with the mysterious star *Sothis*. Curious then, that its later Greek rendering *Sirius* is an anagram for: U R ISIS in the even later English alphabet. This glyphs the transmission from aeon-to-aeon, culture-to-culture, being-to-being, of a secret underground extraterrestrial gnosis, directed by Higher Intelligence.

The key is in the keyword of the rarely-mentioned extended title of this publication station, namely an especial power-amalgamation of 'U': the Horns of Isis; the Mysterious Moon; the Horseshoe of Good Fortune – and 'NITE': the Nocturnal Gnosis of the Shadow and Silence. These magical aspects combine forces with the mystical properties of the whole word to act as an ever-burning beacon, calling forth to destined allies everywhere who are already on our wavelength and share our fervent desire to create an Illuminated Utopia and live happily ever after. Although we tend to distrust all ideology and those who are pushing any agenda, we recognise the need for a transcendental solution, and soon. Us People are so permanently alienated by Them People – plus there's the very real possibility of what appears to be a hidden eschatology – that the only solution is the setting up of an alternative society altogether, on this or even some other dimension.

We do sincerely hope all fellow travellers enjoy the right presentations drawn unto our haunted table, where pitchforks ride the Ferris wheels and eating oysters is like swallowing babies. Yet it should be understood that the creators of these works, be they co-pilots or ships that pass in the night, are not necessarily S.I.R.I.U.S initiates, nor even sympathisers. Who's who is anyone's guess...

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Manifestone

Some people say there's nothing new under the sun. Others rejoice in the notion that anything is possible when touched by the arcane emanations of the Black Sun...

When the first overt Surrealist movement emerged above the parapets of Dada in the early 1900s, it was a brave and necessary reaction-antidote to the horrors of World War and aggressive industrial capitalism. The network took root in fertile ground and flourished over the next decades; but once the atmosphere had changed to the more relaxed and comfortable prison of the 1960s drug udders and hoodwinked swaddling clothes, the Surrealist matrix began fading down in both vitality and relevance.

However now, at the beginning of the 21st Century, the oppressive and authoritarian conditions present at the inauguration of the original Surrealist revolt has returned with a vengeance, and maybe at a worse level. Both space and time are telescoped, and our ancestors call for "Surrealism Phase II". A Satanically-infused second wave that really cuts the mustard and makes the grade; whose initiates are worthy of their whirling spurs, driven on by extreme inquisitiveness and daring as they diligently set out not to seek, but *find*.

This is where S.I.R.I.U.S enters the play. In our neck of the woods anyway, it seems the new Phase II Satanic Surrealist (PII SS) movement has branched off the beaten track to take a somewhat different approach than before. A less urbanised and more rural, hermetic, Wild Hunt twilight maze party orientation? Spider in the food cupboard, pictures not for the walls...?

Unlike our forebears, we are obsessed less with the urge for scandal, provocation, exhibiting and publishing – but more with Being. Casting aside the former major Surrealist preoccupation with the aristocracy and the cultivation of rich patrons; to embrace instead perhaps the pleasures of midnight tea in overgrown moonlit gardens amongst the beautiful and mysterious green-eyed cats. Content in the dizzying outskirts; the true places that are never marked on any map, where the nascent, grandiloquent ecstasies flow.

But what IS Surrealism, of any persuasion? This now deceptively overused and seemingly 'meaningless' term was originally invented and used by Guillaume Apollinaire in 1917. After it had lurked around the outskirts and up the inskirts of the radiant concentric circles of high/low European culture for a while, André Breton published perhaps a first specific definition of Surrealism in 1922, within the leaves of *Les Pas Perdus*:

This word, which is not of our invention, and which we could discard as the vaguest critical jargon, is in fact used by us in a precise sense. We mean by it the definition of a psychic automatism which is closely allied to the dream state, a state whose limits are nowadays exceedingly difficult to fix.

As I write this it is becoming an alien looking-glass if you like, which enables the uncovering and entering of a secret opening in the fabric of ordinary experience. Or an enchanted doorway, our old childhood friend, that leads onto new and unexpected vistas; obscure locales, both psychic and physical, on this side and that.

A love of the unique, the absurd, the inherent contradictions, those bizarre inconsistencies pulled out of life's bag of tricks, the tiny puzzles that zigzag between vast conundrums, evidencing the essential ambiguity of experience, of one's subjective fictions becoming facts, the illusion reality, all nodding towards the disquieting, sublime enigma.

A style of life, rather than a style in the artistic sense. Conducting esoteric or exoteric behaviour; a mergence; or indeed anything which induces fortuitous coincidences, to draw out objective chance – for we know that when one remains 'open', the objective will eventually achieve a valid manifestation. The lovers are drawn into an attractive magnetic field formed by their reciprocal desire.

When the S.I.R.I.U.S cult speaks of “Surrealism”, we are referring to the original timeless irrational force that existed long before Breton and his associates stumbled upon what was already there and brought it to a wider public, most of whom were already Surrealists anyway, if only when asleep and dreaming. Or awake and...

For us it is a ‘system’ of thinking and doing that taps the vast resources of the all-powerful Subconscious Mind, the storehouse of past, present and future knowledge with an ever open door, that by deft utilisation enables unlimited possibilities to manifest: subverting, transforming and transcending the insidious con of con-ventional life. Phase II Satanic Surrealists make their dreams reality and reality dreams...in a permanent revelation. As for Manifestos and Mission Statements, you have yourself to please. After drifting together amongst the waves, we’ve come up with something short and sweet:

Wisdom isolates one from the inferno of the normal and its enemy agents. It opens the way for all possible fulfilment and happiness in Magic. These two great peaks may well be the Consummate X. They are there. Building bridges. Your wildest dreams. Making the crack bigger.

S.I.R.I.U.S meets its votaries on the first Friday of ~~every month~~ every month of the thirteenth lunar year, rendezvousing at 20:00 hours. Each gathering takes place at a different, randomly chosen location somewhere in North Wales or wider afield. What happens after that is open to suggestion. Later on this year we plan to hold more specific events, such as mystery coach tours, unpopular film shows, extreme noise concerts, extraordinary reading circles, altered television parties, weird weddings, erotic séances, ritual dances of the Seven Veils, astral beachcombing, invisible maze demolitions, inverted beauty contests and perceptual expansion workshops.

Those persons who feel strangely resonant with PII SS and already in league with us, and who desire a deeper involvement, should send their questions, ideas or suggestions to S.I.R.I.U.S Headquarters, at the physical or electronic addresses shewn on page one.



Intro-Outro: What's Going on Here?

Y Magazine is a highly specialised document designed for a small and select band of persons already experienced in the theory and practice of Phase II Satanic Surrealism and cognizant of its deeper mystique. But for those of you who may be new to all this, we have assembled something here which may be of assistance in your research and experiments. We shall list some of the main methods S.I.R.I.U.S. initiates employ, provide a brief description, and give pertinent references. Find your own way in and through them. (Some of these procedures may have been traditionally deemed 'dangerous', but anything worthwhile usually is. Opening strange doors means anything can happen, especially if a person does this alone without insight and awareness of the possibilities. Thus the danger-fear barrier is a necessary mechanism here. The crucial determining factor is how the individual reacts to these experimental experiences, how they effect the person's ability to live with others and manage everyday tasks).

It is self-evident that a very great part of our mental activity – for most people the predominant part – is in one way or another connected with the material world; but our inner conscious world, however, extends into other, infinite areas, and sooner or later it is here that we must look for the real basis of our perception, and indeed, Reality itself. The techniques given here provide a bridge to this Other, and enable exploration of the mechanics of inspiration. By their means one can delve down into the greater reality of the subconscious and, if possible, through and beyond it, to other realms normally inaccessible to human consciousness. And remember that what makes a given technique 'surrealist' (magically-active) is the *intent* of the artist who uses it; to a great degree it is the operant's attitude which determines the outcome: before, during and after the performance of the rite. For it is Will that creates and upholds the Universe. Anything in theory can be used in practice. And practice makes perfect. These techniques need not be elaborate – what is only complex is often mistaken for what is profound. They may have been thoroughly, although not *totally* explored by preceding artists – but such activity is still far more preferable to watching television and its 1001 dead-end variations.

Absolute rationalism covers only a comparatively narrow segment of our experience, which, organised and mastered in logical terms, is mistaken for the whole of reality. There is much more to us and the world – the no-less-real world of fantasy, imagination and intuition: the psychic, magical realm glimpsed in night and day dreams, where in the strangest settings we witness the most extraordinary metamorphoses. The Phase II Satanic Surrealist sets sail for such unknown, exotic shores.

Expanded Perception

Popularly known as *Psychic Power* or *ESP*. The cognising of anything beyond the usual five senses; or the using of the five senses to cognise anything beyond the usual. Contact and communication with such realities or dimensions was traditionally obtained through *crystallomancy*: staring into a crystal ball or one of its myriad variants such as a pool of black ink, a polished brass plate, a broken, whisked egg in a clear container of water, or any other shiny, transparent or reflective object, to induce the altered state of consciousness necessary to put oneself on the same level or frequency as the other world so you can see what's going on there. The device employed then becomes a gateway or portal to these remote locales, and accrues power with repeated use. Magical use of the mirror or use of the magic mirror tends to be the most effective and immediate method.

An art developed in the late 1800s was the *Spiritainium*: a secluded, windowless room, often situated in a high place, whose entire interior surface was covered with large mirror-tiles. A young virgin child was used as the medium, who acted as the intermediary between this world and the other. This was the inspiration for Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-glass*, where little Alice passes through the silvered-plane to outré locations.

Another angle took the form of the *Psychomantium*: the single operator enters a small room or closet, lit only by dim red lights, and sits directly in front of a black mirror. This method was used to contact the darker forms of entities on more infernal, inhuman, outer realms. By its way one can summon them into our world – or traffick with them on theirs. Conversely, note the many old graphic depictions and the more recent paranormal photographs where a ghost or apparition is shown at or in a window or doorway, looking *out* of it. This is the same type of effect, but in reverse, as it is instigated from the other side, by those curious about us. “Mirror, mirror on the wall...”

Gavin W. Semple, in his *Who ever thought thus?* (Fulgur 2004), gives perhaps one of the most effective, initiated methods of mirror-gazing, which he describes as “a useful way to extend the way we perceive ourselves, and consequently to shift the limits of the ego”:

In case you haven’t, you might like to try staring into a mirror in a darkened room, lit dimly by one or two candles, and focussing your gaze on a point ten centimetres behind the eyes of your double. Then becoming aware of your peripheral vision, who or what will you see forming beside, behind and around you? This is the sort of pastime that conventional parents warn their children against, insisting that it is dangerous – for the devil himself may appear! But for magicians, anything labelled ‘dangerous’ has a magnetic attraction – they know that where the conventional mind refuses to go, there are hidden possibilities of new and different knowledge.

Automatic Art

Visionary writing or drawing performed while consciously paying no attention to the hand’s movements, the creative process, and what is being produced or ‘channelled’. Better results tend to occur when the experimenter is unconsciously in a trance or hypnotic state, or is consciously doing something quite different (such as reading a book). Made famous by the Theosophists and Spiritualists, and later experiments included automatic thinking, speaking, acting, playing of instruments etc.

Forget mechanical aids such as the *planchette*, *ouija board*, or placing the writing arm in a *sling* suspended above the table – it’s no use relying on these if they’re not always available. Just learn how to do it (or forget all you’ve learned so you can do it), then it can be done anywhere at anytime. Adepts can simply stare at a blank piece of paper and conjure a smoky swirl or mist to appear on it, which forms itself into figures etc., whose outlines and inlines are then traced with a stylus. (There have also been rare cases of pens moving ‘by themselves’ across the paper and walls).

See the chapter: ‘Automatic Drawing as Means to Art’ and others, in Austin Osman Spare – *The Book of Pleasure (Self-love)* (Self-published 1913); revised and expanded, with Frederick Carter, as the article: ‘Automatic Drawing’ in the arts magazine *Form*, Vol. I No. I, April 1916. Spare claimed to have invented automatic drawing ten years before the surrealists. Also see Anita Mühl – *Automatic Writing* (Helix Press 1930); André Breton: ‘The Automatic Message’, Victorien Sardou: ‘Mozart’s House in Jupiter’, André Breton & Philippe Soupault: ‘The Magnetic Fields’, in André Breton, Paul Eluard & Philippe Soupault – *The Automatic Message/The Magnetic Fields/The Immaculate Conception* (Atlas Press 1997); and the chapter: ‘Automatic Drawing’ in Jan Fries – *Visual Magick* (Mandrake 1992).

Equivalents of *Automatic Writing* are many. Invented by Wolfgang Paalen, *Fumage* is the holding of surfaces freshly-coated with oil paint above a candle so the rising smoke makes eerie random patterns in the wet media, which can be further worked on.

Frottage is produced by placing dry paper upon floorboards or similar surfaces, or shapes, then rubbing the paper lightly with a pencil to allow the uneven surface to come through as a patterned texture. (A more daring form of *frottage* is the practice of rubbing oneself against a stranger in a crowd as a means of obtaining sexually-charged inspiration). Looking carefully at

frottages can induce a mystical process. According to their inventor Max Ernst: “When gazing at these drawings ... I was surprised at the sudden intensification of my visionary faculties and at the hallucinatory succession of contradictory images being superimposed on each other”. See Lucy Lippard (ed.) – *Surrealists on Art* (Prentice-Hall 1970, p.121). In this context consider the words of Austin Osman Spare (quoted in ‘Haunted Avenue: the Magical Heart of Spare’ by Michael Staley in Geraldine Beskin & John Bonner, Eds. – *Austin Osman Spare: Artist, Occultist, Sensualist*, Beskin Press 1999), a master of automatic art, who once remarked that:

Life is haunted – I see the faces of the so-called dead everywhere, etched and glyphographed on things, on the roads, while their restless ghosts wander in space... They become sigillated, instigated on time, and vaguely vanish as their flesh returns.

He advocated the practice of staring at an old, crumbling moss-covered wall that will eventually reveal recognizable shapes and ideas for artworks. Before him Leonardo da Vinci recommended the same, or gazing at a pool of spit in one’s hand to unmask the hidden world.

A related technique, also invented by Ernst, is *Grattage*. After several coats of ground have been applied, objects are placed under the canvas. The raised portions are then scraped off, so that in these places underlying layers of colour are revealed. The forms which appear are interpreted or reinterpreted with the brush, which corrects and adds. As in the case of pencil *frottage*, a microcosm becomes a macrocosm, and the picture is the result of interaction between stimulation through technique and control through intellect.

Decalcomania was discovered by Oscar Dominguez: by means of a thick wide brush, spread out black gouache of varying thickness, more or less diluted in places, upon a sheet of glossy white paper, and cover it at once with a second sheet, upon which exert an even, light pressure with the back of your hand. Starting at the upper edge, slowly lift off this second sheet, then replace it on the first sheet, then lift it off again until the whole thing is almost completely dry.

When the stars are right, this type of activity can result in: *Trance* or *Sleep Mediumship*, wherein the person loses total conscious awareness and then speaks/creates in this state, perhaps in languages or alphabets unknown and about subjects unfamiliar to the present personality development. This information can come either from his or her own subconscious memory bank; carried in the astral body which is the sum total of past incarnations; and/or from otherdimensional shape-shifting astral beings who control the body-mind simultaneously. The medium vacates his or her own vehicle and allows this takeover to happen, which some call “possession”. Also *Clairvoyance* (Clear Seeing), *Clairaudience* (Clear Hearing), *Clairsentience* (Clear Sensing or Feeling) which occurs when information – in whatever form from anywhere – is received without our conscious control or desire. They are spontaneous and independent experiences and are not the result of the person’s training. Another development can be *Mental Telepathy* or *Thought Transference*, when specific information is projected through the brain apparatus of the conscious medium or channel, usually to be written or spoken. It is possible for a highly developed person to work cooperatively, but with complete objectivity – with a secret master of the subtle realms or with angelic beings of the celestial, so that control over the physical mechanism is possible to the extent that exact words or inflections can be expressed. This is the highest form of communication via channelling in the evolvement of mankind on Earth right now.

This work can also attract *Space Beams*, that are advanced electromagnetic rays used by extraterrestrial spacecraft to transmit thoughts, words, visions etc. to, or exert physical/psychic control over, those on Earth. This can be traumatic if not understood. They are usually felt physically. One feels a ‘helmet’ or ‘cap’ clamped on the top of the head; pressure or electric-tingles across the forehead or at the temples; a rod or a beam-ray from the head down through the spine; a sudden chill or heat which turns off as though by a switch and leaves no after-effect or sensation. Inspirations, Intuitions, Hunches may come this way, as can Healings – relayed to one from those of other planes and planets. UFOs also pick people up by Ray.

The Cut/up

The random vertical slicing of text-blocks into smaller strips, which are then sliced horizontally. Afterwards, the sections are shuffled and rearranged (randomly or to a previously-arranged set pattern) to create new texts. One controls what goes into the cut/up but does not fully control what comes out of it. They can sometimes be precognitive and reveal the future in present time. Invented by painter Brion Gysin and mastered by writer William S. Burroughs. Both applied cut/up technique literally to themselves, as well as to sound and film via tape recorders, film cameras and the editing suite.

Variants include the *Fold/in*, which involves taking a bound text (book, magazine etc.) and folding the outer edge of a page into the middle of the margins, either onto itself or the facing page, to create new meanings either side. Another is the *Crossway*, where the lines of a newspaper are read straight across the page margin-to-margin, instead of down each column in the normal way. This technique was invented in the 18th Century by the British Satanic-libertarian Hellfire Club (mentioned in Daniel P. Mannix – *The Hell-Fire Club*, New English Library 1967, p.103).

See William S. Burroughs & Daniel Odier – *The Job* (Penguin 1989, pp.27-38) for a lucid explanation of the cut/up technique. This book also details guerrilla/decontrol developments and applications of the method.

Paranoia-Critical Activity

Salvador Dali's main means of analysis and inspiration. A spontaneous method of irrational knowledge, which is, according to Mr. Dali: "based on the critical and systematic objectivation of delirious associations and interpretations". Essentially, it is the process of gradually succumbing to a kind of deliberate, paranoid-psychotic-fuelled obsession which yields the ability to perceive and produce simulacra-morphism. A transformative catharsis – our reminder of 'The Other'.

Fuelled by acute *paranoia*, one becomes *critical* of an object's fixidity in meaning and form, as one sees through the eyes of the paranoid and goes with it, whatever happens, in a delirious re-interpretation of the world and of the ego, which is now given an exaggerated importance in an often perfect and coherent systematisation, the accession of a state of omnipotence which often leads to megalomania or persecution mania, accompanied by hallucinations and real phenomena, as the paranoid – apparently normal and healthy – lives and functions in an alien world. For far from submitting to the 'normal' world like most 'normal' people, the paranoid dominates it, moulds it according to his or her desires, wittingly or unwittingly. He or she turns the mundane into the marvellous; reality into fantasy and fantasy into reality. It is carried out everywhere: in the poem; painting; social relations; to, at and from work; and even, if necessary, to all kinds of exegesis. A radio becomes a bomb; shop mannequins become the bizarre fetishes of an unknown civilisation; an arrangement of flowers reveals a portrait of an ominous forgotten deity; a girl's spectacles are really an amazingly disguised aphrodisiac beam device; the crumples and folds in a bank clerk's trousers are a complex code for secret society messages; etc.

It is a question of speculating ardently on that property of the *uninterrupted* transformation of any thing on which the paranoid activity seizes; in other words, the ultra-confusional activity which takes its source in the obsessive idea. The paranoid now regards the very objects and images of the external world as unstable and transitory, if not as suspect; and it is, disturbingly, in his or her power to impose the reality of his impression on others. It could be said that automatism and dream are passive states, especially when they are isolated from the external world in which they should function freely – whereas paranoia is a systematised activity which aims at a scandalous intrusion into the world of human desire; that is, of all the desires of all people.

See the chapter: 'Dali and Paranoia-Criticism' in Maurice Nadeau – *The History of Surrealism* (Penguin-Pelican 1973). Or better still, ingest the right natural hallucinogenic plants or fungi and spend some hours alone, admiring his best paintings.

Party Games

Ritualistic group activity performed in the free, happy, excited and enthusiastic spirit of childhood, with no thought of the outcome nor the reason why one is doing it. These games can be fun or serious, informal or formal. There are no rules other than those the players wish to make. The more well-known examples include:

Unknown Collaboration: Someone writes down a question and doesn't show or tell anyone what their question is. One or more people then write down their guessed answer(s) to the unknown question. These are then compared.

Exquisite Corpse: The first person begins a drawing (such as the head of a figure), then folds the paper so his or her efforts cannot be seen. (In practice, only the very tips of the drawing are left poking out). The paper is given to the next person, who continues the drawing and repeats the hiding of it, then passes it on. After all participants have added their sections, the whole drawing is revealed and commented upon. It may be altered, or form the beginning of a new and larger exquisite corpse. Can also be used in literature: the first person writes down a succession of words, which suggest a number of words to the next person, and so on – a collective automatism that spontaneously evokes countless associations and images. The technique was so-named after the first sentence produced by this method: "The exquisite corpse will drink the new wine".

Maddeningness: Contrary to popular belief, the dislocation of experience by mental illness is a creative process, an initiation. Hence the simulation of derangement, delirium, mania, dementia and other states of madness (or rather 'unsanity'), to short-circuit logic and cancel out linear repetition, freeing up the mysteries of the creative process and social interaction/communication. Deliberate expressions of disequilibrium which can clearly demonstrate "the fine line between genius and insanity". See André Breton & Paul Eluard – *The Immaculate Conception* (Atlas Press, *ibid*).

Forgetful Fusion: Living 'as if' some, most, or all of the previously known-and-believed rules of reality and behaviour of its inhabitants have become defunct; and from now on the world is unknown and unpredictable. Best played between lovers, and outside. As Breton's muse Nadja invites: "A game: say something. Close your eyes and say something. Anything, a number, a name. Like this (she closes her eyes): Two, two what? Two women. What do they look like? Wearing black. Where are they? In a park.... And then, what are they doing? Try it, it's so easy, why don't you want to play?" Breton comments: "Does this not approach the extreme limit of the surrealist aspiration, its *furthest determinant*?" The so-called "happy accidents" with a positive creative outcome tend to occur more often in this frame of mind. See André Breton – *Nadja* (Penguin 1999).

Surrealist & Found Objects

The deliberate construction or redefining of any *alienated* object out of its habitual context, or its use for purposes different than it is usually intended for – or whose purposes are unknown. A higher and more hidden condition of being is discovered in such forms, who lead a life of their own. A successful *Surrealist Object* breaks the causal chain of recollection with its alogical juxtaposition, and becomes a repository of the Other; a tangible representation of the Intangible; a catalyst of a host of unconscious desires. The lurking enigmas of the object provoke a restlessness full of anxious foreboding, and often violent and indefinable emotions; its secret lyricism will jar and giddy; exerting a grandiloquent ambivalence that oscillates between dream and reality; affecting the surrounding environment and all those who enter this field.

In the contemplation of the void, objects placed before the terrible emptiness of space acquire a magical significance and become surreal. These may include anything from Marcel Duchamp's artistic "Ready-mades" to practical magical fetishes, amulets or talismans.

The related art of *Found Objects* involves a 'chance meeting' between the hunter of marvels and strange and unique, natural or man-made items which are already an almost perfect work of art and usually need little or no further work. The best examples tend to be found through

mysterious coincidences or unexpected synchronicities, or by other unusual means, and may also be the materialisation of an unconscious quest or desire. In this, the *Found Object* may also be the result of an earlier dream that was also obscurely seeking its realisation. Several *Found Objects* may be combined together into one, in the form a *Surrealist* (or *Anxious*) *Object*.

In modern times, charity and 'junk' shops, bric-a-brac market stalls, car boot sales and the like are often chosen as the arena for "Finding Rites".

The Dérive or Drift

An experimental expedition undertaken on foot; not randomly but imaginatively, strolling about free of prejudices – which juggles chance and destiny, uncovering the hidden and unknown meanings, significances and associations of a designated (often neglected) locale via its unconventional traversing. The discipline was originated by perceptive 'out there' writer-philosophers since at least the 17th Century, when Jacob Boehme practised his "walking trance", which provoked truth to fall upon him "like a bursting shower". In later years the *Dérive-Drift* was enacted in differing forms by Thomas de Quincy, Guillaume Apollinaire, Arthur Machen, Bram Stoker; and taken further by group effort, notably the actual and proposed Paris Dadaists' excursions to selected sites in 1921, "particularly those which really have no reason for existing", such as the little-known, deserted church of St. Julien le Pauvre; the inquisitive ramblings of the Lettrists; and as an integral part of the "Psychogeography" performed by the French Situationist movement during the 1950s.

Preparation of the practitioners by the consumption of alcohol is considered to be the ideal prerequisite to such mysterious wandering. Whatever preparatory strategies are employed, altered states of consciousness combined with the Power of the Map enable the practitioner to discover and decode the hidden clues of the urban landscape, in experiments aimed at creating spatial detournments, subverting the reified image of the city and forging new psychic connections. By the intentional misreading of city space, the city "can be experienced not as a thing at all, but as possibilities". As the cityscape becomes more homogenised, places become increasingly interchangeable and any map will do. The city may be navigated using maps or blueprints of other cities, buildings or planets, or even electrical circuit diagrams, primitive tribal art designs etc.

Some print their name in block capitals on a numerologically-significant page number of the [City] A to Z, and then walk the outline of their name, or as near as the streets will allow. Others rely more on a logic outside of oneself for the route. This is the *Algorithmic Technique*: go out and walk, using this sequence: 2nd right – 2nd right – 1st left – Repeat. This takes the onus off oneself, and one can drift easily and without lust of result, empty and open to impressions. It can lead to closed loops and dead-ends; half-loops and spirals, but these are in no way a failure, and can turn out to be very interesting in themselves.

In modern times, non-physical *Dérive-Drifts* have been conducted online through the world wide web. Regular performance of this discipline has led to sudden, unexpected 'Zen'-like revelations and/or increased psychic ability, evidenced by the repeated anticipation and registering of those quirks, glitches or yawning warps in reality usually unseen, ignored, or dismissed as a curiosity then forgotten. This has developed into the art of *Psychic Cyber Surfing*: some have found that occasionally, during an *Online Dérive-Drift* (or afterwards, when one is about to fall asleep or has just woken up; or is 'not-really-thinking': doing the washing up etc.) strings of characters appear spontaneously in mind: partial *website url addresses*, or those which resemble *html tag descriptions* that are encoded into web pages and describe the title, author, subject matter or keywords associated with a particular page. Should a loud roaring, rushing noise accompany this, then watch out, as you are about to experience a full OOB, and not just an astral mind-trip.

On rekindling the Gnostic Trance state, this information is either completed by guesswork and typed into the 'GO' window of the browser; or typed as-it-is into the Google Search Engine. Often this leads almost directly to very pertinent sites – or takes one to other sites which one

would never ordinarily visit (or even suspect existed), but which contain very useful information and further leads to follow up on. Practicing the variants of the *Dérive-Drift* tend to feed into and inform one another, leading to better results all round.

Void Jumping

The practice of ‘entering’ or ‘becoming’ the Great Abyss, the Ultimate Emptiness, the Almighty Simplicity, the Absolute, where all perhapses are possible, and acting from ‘there’. Akin to the Buddhist “on not having a head” meditation. There’s no reason to do it, and there’s no reason not to do it. The ‘Void’ is simultaneously Nothing-thus-Everything, as it oscillates between the two in perfect balance? A divine circle whose circumference is everywhere and whose center is nowhere?

Forget what ‘it is’ and ‘is not’, for the inconceivable cannot be known-understood or expressed-explained in words or through conventional, conditioned modes of awareness, especially by worldly people. The less said and thought about ‘it’ – dogma that attempts to dismiss the dogma – the better. (Although if no-one ever tried to teach anything about ‘it’ and just shut up... A tricky business, *perhaps...*).

It’s a matter of experience. The following method of *Stopping The Thoughts* is simple and therefore very effective, and is perhaps a good preparatory exercise to train with and perfect before attempting the masterpiece. It is excerpted from Lu K’uan Yü (Charles Luk) – *Ch’an And Zen Teaching, Second Series* (Rider-Century Hutchinson 1987):

Besides the orthodox way of sitting cross-legged in meditation, the best moment is that preceeding one’s sleep when one is already in bed. Without being bothered by the correct position of one’s body, one can close one’s eyes to watch effectively the rise of a thought and pick it up with the keenness of a cat ready to pounce on a mouse. As soon as one seizes it, one should closely examine where it arises and where it ends, and even before one realizes that it has neither head nor tail, it has already vanished like an illusion or bubble. After ‘catching’ two or three thoughts in this manner, they will become so rare that the mind will automatically be calmed and one will fall into a deep sleep. If this practice is continued for several successive nights, it will ensure a rapid stoppage of the flow of thoughts, followed by a sound sleep free from dreams, a good sign that the mind is in its still condition.

It is from the Lin Chi Sect of Rinzai Zen practise described on page 92 and thereabouts of this book that Austin Osman Spare seems to have developed one of the myriad variant methods of the *Death Posture* – gateway to the Absolute or “Kia” in the Zos-Kia Cultus School AOS founded, and in its *Book of Pleasure (Self-love)* Grimoire he wrote. Kia is “Neither-Neither” (non-dualistic) and “Need-not-be-Does-not-matter” (self-transcending), and may be approached right now by anyone who knows, dares, and wills to, and keeps silent about, the procedure:

1. Meditate for a while entirely on a particular quality, such as ‘Blackness’; then
2. Meditate entirely on its opposite, in this case ‘Whiteness’; then
3. Meditate entirely on their duality, ‘Blackness and Whiteness together’; finally
4. Reject/Banish/Destroy them in an instant, and perceive the total absence of both qualities: the ‘Neither-Neither’.

This tremendous experience – which has also been called “Satori”, “Samadhi”, the “Mystical Union”, “Enlightenment”, etc. by the different cultures – is veritably brimming with incredible potential, and is surely one of the best kept secrets; for it is a direct line to God, which enables the intrepid explorer to steal the fire from heaven and bring such wonders back to Earth. The ancient Quest of myth and legend, that the first monks and nuns knew so well, travelling there by a combination of solitude, sleeplessness, fasting, and a constant “inflaming oneself with prayer”.



Old Norfolk ‘Red’ Satanism

By Susan Shayler

There were, and still are, very strange places in the British Isles, *wyrd* domains neither wholly here nor partly there, but somehow bridging the worlds. Some of the most potent are located, perhaps surprisingly, not at the famous megalithic temple sites, flagged by giant carven stone and mound – but out of the way in Norfolk, East Anglia, regarded by many folklorists as “the most haunted county in England”; that vast flat expanse, without prominent hill nor cave, whose enormous, dizzying, untainted blue skylscapes are the irresistible inspirers of freedom. A level occult playing field, where the potentials of psychic power are equally available to all.

A Summer’s day in East Anglia can offer in a single afternoon a dozen variations in the weather, simultaneously: dazzling sun in one quarter, the rainbow-arc of a shower in another, a mounting storm on the far horizon. It is truly a place of Inbetweeness. Standing there in its secluded Fens or Broad, enveloped by the twilight of dawn or dusk, or ideally the obsidian depths of the night, it is so quiet and still that the rest of the world goes by and leaves one in an ecstasy of undisturbed tranquillity. The very air is electrically alive with something. There is a *significance*, inexplicable and elusive; one gets the feeling that anything could happen.

The “Devil is in the Details”, as they say...and some of these obscure locales can be recognised by their natural magic circles, the fantastic fungoid fairy rings where all other plant life refuses to grow. Others are human-hand-crafted and more verdant, their boundaries marked out by the deliberate planting of certain trees and flowering herbs in significant combinations either in or near the hedgerows, amongst which lurk the mandrake and beautiful lady. To summon the entities from other dimensions through such doorways, a particular mixture of these tree and herb varieties were ritually gathered, prepared, and burnt as the “Witchfire”, or powdered into incense.¹ Modern agricultural methods and property-developers have almost made this a lost art; such netherworlds are now purposefully found mostly by purely psychic means, or occasionally stumbled into accidentally by those who have missed the signs of the international “laws of the road”, whereby the travelling folk – should they exit unharmed – always leave behind some kind of sign to indicate an unusual, and often dangerous,² person, pathway or “Devil’s Croft”.

The kingdom of East Anglia was originally made up of the North Folk (Norfolk) and the South Folk (Suffolk). Its boundaries were once almost as impregnable as nature could make them – the sea to the North and East; the swamps of the undrained Fens to the West; a barrier of oak forest, indwelt by dangerous animals, cutting off Saxon Essex to the South. The main Roman Roads and trade routes wisely bypassed this countryside of charm, leaving it little-changed for centuries; thus up until recent times (before everything went crazy), the rustic native inhabitants of Norfolk had always regarded themselves as being somehow essentially apart from the rest of England, which was reflected in the

¹ There is a special ritual performed when sowing such ‘chthonic’ plants. Just before the sun comes up the ‘farmer’ and his ‘wife’ go into the field, both naked. The woman walks ahead of the man, as the man does the actual sowing. They chant or sing a rhyme with the line “Up to my arse, and higher too!”. Every few steps the ‘farmer’ throws some of the seed against the woman’s buttocks. Up and down the field they go like this, chanting and scattering seed, until the planting is done. Then they lay on the ground and seal the spell by an act of sex-magick. For some reason it is considered essential that no outsider should see the sowing or hear the song, because if that were to happen the crop would then be a failure.

² For the uninitiated at least.

curious accent and heavily-jargonised, coded dialect of the region,³ not to mention its rather odd customs. The Norfolkians prided themselves in this strongly polarised sectarian independence, which at times has bordered on outright anarchism. It was a place naturally suited to the formation of underground networks.

In his classic, superlative work on Satanic theurgy,⁴ H.T.F. Rhodes relates how, before WWII, rumours concerning the sinister, “unorthodox” (and presumably esoteric) practices of certain Anglo-Catholic priests in East Anglia were the subject of a confidential report compiled for the Archbishop. The accusations were supposedly found to be groundless, but further investigations prompted by the case suggested that “the dualistic traditions of Cathar and [Knight] Templar are not entirely dead among the Anglo-Catholic clergy of the Church of England”.⁵ He comments (the book was first published in 1954) that East Anglia has “a strong Cathar influence brought in through the weavers of the Low Countries”,⁶ and also mentions “*The Peculiar People*” who dwell there, “who, although few of them know it, derive from an heretical branch of wandering Franciscan mystics”, who in their time offered their “[Satanic] Mass of the Holy Ghost”, to hasten the onset of “the Third Age”.⁷ This may or may not explain why witchcraft and folk magic are also well-established in the region,⁸ amongst the informal and formal

³ Such as the seemingly sentient “lazy wind” of the Norfolk Broads, which can’t be bothered to go around you, so goes straight through you instead. This relates to the magical also, where “to go through” someone means to have sex with them. Think about that for a while...

⁴ H.T.F. Rhodes – *The Satanic Mass*, Jarrolds 1968, pp.232-3.

⁵ I sometimes wonder if this affair had anything to do with the strange case of Reverend Harold Davidson, former Rector of Stiffkey in Norfolk, who was charged with immoral behaviour in the 1930s after his bishop learned he was spending more time with Soho prostitutes than his parishioners. In fact, he was trying to re-employ the ladies of the night rather than enjoy them. He was nevertheless disgraced and came to a tragic end when he was mauled by a lion at a Skegness amusement park. Another example of that terrible thing for the Church of England – the fatal fact that ‘vicars’ rhymes with ‘knickers’.

⁶ Around 1330, Edward III brought his Flemish weavers (from Flanders in Belgium) over to the wool towns of East Anglia to “exercise their mysteries”. They also set up as brewers in the region, notably in Woodbridge and Ipswich in Suffolk, from where they exported beer to their former homeland. In the late 1500s their descendants were joined by Dutch and Walloon immigrants. Note that just outside the perimeter of the RAF/USAF base at Woodbridge lies Rendlesham Forest, scene of the “British Roswell” UFO incident which took place at the turn of the year in 1980-81. This was perhaps the most important, multi-witnessed, officially-documented close encounter and landing of an extra-terrestrial craft ever experienced in the United Kingdom. Some 20 miles NW of Woodbridge is the village of Woolpit in Suffolk, whose name derives from the Saxon ‘Wolfpit’, into which the captured wolves from the forests were thrown and killed. At harvest time one year in the 12th Century, the Green Children appeared near the old wolf-pits of the village – a boy and a girl, dressed in an unknown material and unable to explain themselves. The boy soon died, but the girl survived, her skin gradually losing its greenish hue. Once she had learnt English, she told the villagers that her people lived in a twilight land where the sun never shone, on the other side of a broad river. Whilst tending their father’s sheep, she and her brother had followed an enchanting sound of bells, which led them into a cavern, and eventually brought them out by the wolf-pits, dazzled by the sun and unable to return home. It is said that the girl lived a long and happy life, and married a man from King’s Lynn. (See: *Folklore, Myths & Legends of Britain* – compiled by various authors and published by The Reader’s Digest Association 1973, p.252).

⁷ H.T.F. Rhodes, *ibid*, pp.82-85. This early example of a “New World Order” was to be an invisible kingdom; not fashioned by man, but established and governed by Higher Intelligences, known in esoteric tradition as the “Unknown Superiors” or “Secret Chiefs”.

⁸ And indeed, all over Britain. After WWII, when he was Secretary of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, Prof. Geoffrey Webb was surveying ruined churches with a view to restoration. Looking inside an altar whose top slab had been dislodged by a bomb blast, he found a male phallus carved in stone. Inspired to examine the contents of other altars, Webb eventually concluded that similar stone phalli could be found inside the altars of ninety percent of the churches built up to the time of the Black Death in 1348, shortly before the great Witch Craze. (See: Michael Harrison – *The Roots of Witchcraft*; also quoted in Colin Wilson – *Mysteries*, Panther 1979, p.97). This may also explain why a devil with a large erection is openly

network of horse-whisperers, witches and wizards, cunning-men and wise-women who make their home there; the roots of this lore being laid by the Pagan traditions of the ancient Vikings, Angles, Saxons and Danes who dwelled in the land during distant times, long before the horrors of Christianity. This is the “nameless art”, whose essential nature is intensely practical, useful and little-known to outsiders. Its presence due in part to East Anglia having its very own anciently-indigenous power-plant by the name of “Sweet Flag” (*Acorus calamus*), a delicately-scented herb which grows profusely along the banks of the Norfolk Broads: its root being a stimulant at low doses and hallucinogenic when more is ingested, especially so when consecrated to, and taken under, the wondrous light of Diana the Moon, whose blood is the rose and whose flesh is the lily.

During a cattle plague in 1866, many cottages and barns in the Norfolk marshlands had a cross nailed above the door as a defence against devils and witches. In 1922 at Merton in Norfolk, the parson formally removed a curse that had overhung the village for three hundred years, placed there by a woman named Sturston. In the early 1940s, some people of the village of Brandon in Suffolk refused to be photographed in case it should lead to their deaths; presumably they were not just superstitious but afraid of sympathetic image magic.⁹ Princess Diana was born on the 1 July 1961 at *PARK* House on the Queen’s Sandringham Estate in Norfolk. In September 1964, sympathetic magic ‘voodoo’ dolls were discovered at churches on the same Estate, along with two clay effigies of a man and a woman, with a sheep’s heart pierced with hawthorn twigs (a traditional witch ingredient in spells for inducing love) inbetween them, which were found nailed to the heavy wooden door of the 12th Century Castle Rising, situated approximately four miles away from the village of Sandringham itself. When the Princess had come of age, flitting about like an unsuspecting Bambi inside an ominous aristocratic deer park, Mohamed Al Fayed used his luxury apartment on the exclusive *Le PARC* development in San Tropez to engineer the first meeting of Diana (who was staying there with her two sons) with his son Dodi.¹⁰

Many imps still roam the region, such as Black Shuck the demon dog with glowing eyes of crimson fire, who haunts the outer shores and trackways, searching for his long-deceased master. And there is the terror of the Shrieking Pits at Aylmerton; the wonder of the growing stone at Stone Farm in Blaxhall; the eerie tolling of underwater church bells from the sunken village of Dunwich (the old Roman town of *Sitomagus*); the uncanny ride of the headless horseman and his phantom steeds around Hobland Hall (*hob* being the Old English word for a ‘mischievous goblin’); the horror of the battling dragons of Sharpfight Meadow in Little Cornard; the superhuman exploits of the giant Tom Hickathrift, defender

depicted on a boss-keystone inside Hereford Cathedral. Perhaps such votive cock idols radiate a special energy between the *Shelah-na-Gig*’s who live inside and outside the churches... Here also note the account of ‘Rev Lamda Mu’ (a pseudonym) concerning the conspiratorial shenanigans surrounding his church in Berkshire, which he shockingly discovered to be “not a church at all, but a pagan temple. It is full of masonic symbols”. (See: ‘The Devil in Disguise?’ chapter of Stephen Knight – *The Brotherhood*, Granada 1984, pp.254-262).

⁹ These reports come from Eric Maple – *The Dark World of Witches*, Pan 1971, p.168.

¹⁰ Photographs of the Castle Rising ‘poppet’ effigies were widely published – usually in the section covering ‘Curses’ – in many popular encyclopaedia-type books on the occult. What was not so widely reported was that a fourfold cross, and next to it a circle, were also found near the Castle, drawn in black soot upon the ground. Could the cross symbolise Diana and her three male associates in the Mercedes, and the circle an above-view of the 13th pillar they crashed into on that fateful night in Paris? Was this whole episode part of a powerful rite of sorcery with a far-distant future objective? The Castle’s most famous resident was Queen Isabella, the “She-wolf of France”, who was confined in the Norman keep, which still stands, for arranging the murder of her husband, Edward II. Curious then that in a weird inversion of this, so many people – Mohamed Al Fayed included – believe that Prince Charles had a hand in arranging the murder of his own wife Diana, and to this day has avoided trial, conviction and imprisonment.

of the Norfolk Marshland, and far more otherworldly interpenetrations and intrusions too numerous and disturbing to mention. The place is one big paranormal party, and it seems like anyone, and anything, is invited.

I was lucky enough to grow up in deepest rural Norfolk, and deemed worthy to be shown some of its secrets. When I was seven years alive, my parents drove me to the ancient Tuesday Market in King's Lynn, a small town of the county. Walking off along the vibrant coloured aisles with my mother, I became totally absorbed in the overwhelming hustle-and-bustle of the place, until I 'lost my bearings' for a short while, entering the middle portion of the X. As my roaming awareness gradually returned to the Earth dimension, I was very dazed and confused, but felt safe as I was still holding my mother's hand. Then with a shock I saw that she was stood ten feet away, chatting to a stallholder. The other hand was gone in a flash. I never told anyone about this incident, but years later discovered that a diamond-shaped brick with a heart carved in its centre, set in the wall of a house on a corner of the market-place, supposedly marks the spot where in 1590, the 'evil' (or rather indignant) heart of Margaret Read – who was being burnt to death for witchcraft – leapt from the flames, struck the wall and bounded off down a nearby lane to jump into the River Ouse, refusing to submit to the cruel injustice of the stake. Was it this good lady who had been watching over me that day, a kindred sister of the Old Ways?¹¹

Whether so or not, throughout my later childhood and early teens I was in definite and regular contact with other authentic Wise Ones¹² who were friends of the family, so I've never doubted that Satan is real, and works alongside or inside his ambassadors, who have 'sold their souls' to him,¹³ and want you to also, in the fight against our ancient

¹¹ And who later guided me one memorable night to the name of 'Satan', lovingly and beautifully carved into the heavy wooden door which opened onto the 'drunkard and prostitute's yard' behind British Home Stores, that zone of constant twilight? A few weeks after this and stoned on fine marijuana, I was being driven by another friend stoned on fine marijuana along a winding country lane towards the Norfolk village of Diss. Just as we were approaching the outskirts, the driver, after a long period of silence and drug-trance musing, suddenly said out of the blue: "Diss appears" – an amazing, unplanned comment which was more than enough to make both of us see the Light, to varying degrees.

¹² Who were descended from the ancient and authentic lineal-hereditary witch tradition dating back to prehistoric shamanism, known in later times as "grey witchcraft". Traces of this can be found in the old folk-songs assembled by Professor Francis J. Child in the three volumes of *The English & Scottish Popular Ballads* (1882-1898), such as *The Grey Cock* or *Saw You My Father* (No. 248) and others. Some of these people – who literally have the secret lore in their blood – are albino or display other hereditary marks of their genetic heritage and/or bloodline inbreeding, such as grey streaks of hair which appear at a young age, a squint in one eye, eyebrows which meet, even vampire/werewolf-like fangs. I have met one such female "grey" of red hair, green eyes and silver-painted fingernails, who was actually born with a 'tail' at the base of her spine. It was removed shortly after birth. She would conceal a silver amulet or 'spirit trap' with a 'cat's cradle' design chased into its surface, outside the North Door of Norfolk churches; on the 'dark' side of the Devil's Door, which is opened during the exorcism at Christian Baptism. It would catch the infernal forces cast out, which greatly empowered the device.

¹³ We do not believe that the Devil (nor any spirit, or human for that matter), under any name or by any transaction, can gain complete possession of a human soul forever – unless one expressly invites, agrees to, and allows it. Ideas of Hell and eternal damnation are but outmoded examples of authoritarian religious mind-control, invented and used by the priests to keep their sheep in order. It has no meaning for the wolves... (There is Universal Salvation – everyone gets to 'heaven' in the end). We are legion, like an elite, well-trained and highly-disciplined cultic-army. We sign up for a spell, in a pact or bargain, to further the cause and movement of Satanism itself, helping Supreme Commander Lucifer to carry on his work in this world of overthrowing the existing repressive order. We follow orders to further the campaign, and in return are rewarded with power, money, and fame if so desired, and the greater gift of experiences denied to the normal civilian. Like the traditional Armed Forces, its soldiers can leave at any time, though this may be difficult and have awkward consequences. And of course, these are most dangerous careers, and for different reasons: if you play with fire you may get burned.

enemies of Church and State; those wicked and incestuous bedfellows, who began their vulgar love affair to fuck people over and keep them asleep, especially women. A situation which continues today throughout the world, in overt and more covert ways.

Here it should be stressed that I came to understand the Devil not as some baleful, evil trickster as he is depicted in the Bible¹⁴ – but more as the champion of the poor, the social and moral outcasts; hero of the repressed ‘underclass’ and all outsiders, and an arch ally in our rebellious fight against the outrageous affronts imposed on us by our ignorant and pompous rulers. He is the *summum bonum* – our friend, not our enemy; but his image has been purposefully tainted by centuries of false propaganda, made wrongly evil via the pious insanity of the real evil ones, beginning in the Bible, that stinking mire of untruths, that has the audacity to call Satan the “Father of Lies”! All that stuff about “but what does it profit a man, if he were to gain the whole world, but lose his soul in the process?” is a big joke; and its rich and privileged concoctors are laughing right in the face of those suckers that believe it. Can you feel their manicured spittle upon your cheek? Many workers have already sold their souls, to something as pathetic as the rat race, and all they’ve gained in return for the bargain is a measly little wage packet that barely covers the basic essentials of life.

‘Tis strange that the illustrious Light-Bringer Lucifer (from the Latin *lucis*, ‘light’ and *ferre*, ‘to bring’) is still regarded as the Prince of Darkness, when in reality, here and now, Lucifer is Ra, Baal, Mithras, Helios, Sol Invictus, Satan – the many names for the one supreme Sun deity,¹⁵ the all-encompassing, all-illuminating, ultimate giver of life, into which all other cults were subsumed. Sun Worship continues today as the secret religion behind all organised religion.¹⁶

Lucifer was cast out of the Christian heaven because he was honest with, and stood up for, himself. He refused to salute the con anymore. He tirelessly informs his comrades of the ‘Emperor’s new clothes’ – that human grandeur transcends the grandeur of God

¹⁴ In the Old Testament, the Hebrew word which translates as *Satan* was originally a common noun, meaning ‘enemy’ or ‘adversary’ in general (1 Samuel 29:4; 2 Samuel 19:22). However, in Job 1:6; Job 2:1; Zechariah 3:1, and throughout the New Testament (which was written in Greek), the word becomes a proper noun, and the spiritual representative of evil; chief of the evil spirits; great adversary of mankind; “the prince of this world”; “the wicked one”; “the tempter”; and in Revelation 12:9, “the great dragon”; “that old serpent”; “the Devil”; and “Satan”. The first theological definition of the Devil was agreed upon at the Council of Toledo in 447 AD. They decided he was “a large black monstrous apparition with horns on his head, cloven hoofs . . . an immense phallus, and a sulphurous smell”, and thus turned the pre-Christian “Horned One” or “Fire Snake” from an (albeit dangerous) benefactor into that of a diabolical, deceiving fiend. The purist who rejects this degraded Judeo-Christian biblical lineage may wish to use the Egyptian *Set* or Mesopotamian *Shaitan* – both far older appellations for the authentic deity; or an entirely new name. True Satanism is not an offshoot of, or reaction to, Christianity – even the Bible itself testifies against that.

¹⁵ Akin to the “Twelve around One”. The 13-strong witches coven was not originally a parody of Christ and the 12 Apostles, but far older – based on the ancient Sun-Wheel: the Satanic Trinity of Satan-Satanic Spirit-Satanist projecting North, South, East and West in a twelvefold array, with Satan, personified by the Grand Master/Mistress Witch, in the center. This is cognate with the 12 Houses of the Zodiac, illuminated by the central Sun; or in the most secret esoteric tradition of the Swastika, the galactic Black Sun. Related occult symbolism are the 13 Lunar months of the Solar year; and 13 o’clock: the hidden, interpenetrating, or inbetweeness “Witching Hour” of 11.30 pm to 12.30 am, that is governed by the Satanic Trinity. (Remove the 13 from these times and this leaves 10 and 20. $1 + 0 + 2 + 0 = 3$. 0120 = Satan [0] infused throughout the Satanic Spirit [1] and Satanist [2]).

¹⁶ The old traditional Magical Square of the Sun has 36 numbers that when added together total 666; the 36 numbers, or 2×18 ($18 = \text{three sixes}$) symbolising the 666 force projecting in active manifestation. This type of ‘secret’ Sun-cult symbolism is also deliberately concealed and revealed in the logos of multinational companies and elsewhere in the mass media, especially advertising. The solar-phallic patriarchal Order is counterbalanced by the esoteric lunar-wombic matriarchal Cult of Isis, the Great Universal Mother.

since God can never equal the supreme human sacrifice of laying down His life in an act of love. God is not omnipotent because He is always subject to His own law and cannot deviate from it; thus humans have more free will than God, and therefore should not necessarily trust Him. “Thus is religion trod down, by a just reverse; victory makes us akin to the gods”, proclaimed Lucretius, over fifty decades Before Christ. Here I am reminded of the poem *Eloa ou la Soeur des Anges* by the Romantic Decadent Alfred de Vigny, in which he startlingly evokes a complete reversal of the prophesised Last Judgement when he writes such lines as:

That will be the day when God will come forward to justify Himself in front of all the souls and all that is alive. He will appear and He will speak and He will say in all clarity why there has been the creation and why there is suffering and the death of the innocent.... At that moment, mankind resuscitated will be the judge, and He that is eternal, the Creator, will be judged by all the generations who had life thrust upon them.

Of course, this courageous current found its greatest artistic expression in the original French Surrealism, which was infused with Satanism, its cult motifs or fringe phenomena often manifesting as visual pun spells in Surrealist paintings and films. The laughing Christ; the combination of the monstrosity and the chamber-pot; the fusion of a macabre graveyard atmosphere with the cult of the sensual are all variations on deep Satanic themes. Obscenity and sacrilege, the wilful casting of blasphemous heresies, were – and still are – formidable weapons in the creative arsenal of the artist, with which to oppose, as Luis Buñuel put it: “the withering away of the primeval life-force to cultural and ideological ‘values’”, both sacred and secular.¹⁷

For the true followers – who pay heed to their own honesty and experience rather than the sensationalist fool’s gold of the mass media and organised religion – the cult of Satan is both negative, in its extreme antithetical position, but also has a compensatory function, and is thus completely ambivalent; it is destructive and creative at the same time, which is why Satan is “the ruler of this world” – for his stations are the two great poles that mark the field of physical and psychic tension and flux which determines our civilisation and its destiny. He is the “Lord of Liberty”, Grand Master of the medieval Sabbat: Baphomet, the Gold and the Black, the double-horned ultra-force of Sex and Death, ‘Good’ and ‘Evil’ – for even the soul of Christ had two eyes, a right and a left eye.

I was constantly reminded by my trusted and faithful brothers and sisters of the Double-Horned Path that it’s easy to call up the Devil, as he’s always calling you. “Power of Words – Words of Power” was the sublime and wondrous key that my occult mentors impressed upon me. It opens any door. Our ancestors knew the secret magical uses of this Science of Speech,¹⁸ which can be traced back to Thoth’s *hekau*, the True Magical Power Names of the various parts of the *Tuat* (Underworld), used by the priests of ancient Egypt to control demons and summon deities, enabling the astral or deceased traveller safe passage through this mysterious realm and ensuring one’s entrance into the heavenly kingdom of Osiris. In Biblical times the Hebrews greatly respected and feared this power,

¹⁷ Surrealism’s enthusiastic embrace of Anarchism and Communism has a much deeper meaning here. Communism was a Pagan, ‘Satanic’ movement, evidenced by the satires on, and caricatures of, the Christian religion created by the early Bolsheviks. The earthly paradise of Communism (and Anarchism) is set up in opposition to the kingdom of the patriarchal Male God, who is replaced with the domain of a universally bountiful, materialistic Earth Mother in a regression to the female principle, whose *prima materia* plays an important part in the Gnostic and Alchemistic traditions, the mysteries of fertility. Their mosaic of actions go back to the beginning of myth; those extreme atavistic impulses that linger in the secret places of the human soul and may be activated at any time.

¹⁸ And the Science of Numbers and Geometry, all most sacred.

and did not pronounce the name of their chief deity *Jehovah*, for he was as close as the mention of his name, and to speak it may have provoked a divine manifestation, with very unpredictable, perhaps earth-shattering results.¹⁹ Instead of this they substituted the name 'Lord', 'Adonai' or 'Elohim' etc. This practice continued in Europe and elsewhere until the late 19th Century, where people were warned to "never say the Lord's Name in vain", and who likewise exercised much caution in mentioning the name of the Devil. The old exhortation "Speak of the Devil and he will appear" is still in use today in an incomplete form amongst the uninitiated. Instead of risking such a terrible apparition, these people of former times used various pseudonymous nomenclature for Satan, which is where the term *nick-name* originates, 'Old Nick' being an early example.

Satan speaks through haunted houses, ouija boards, horrorscopes – and also through toads... There was a dance of toads at the medieval Witches Sabbat, who would disappear after the Devil stamped his foot; the Scottish witches of that era were said to have bred large toads and trained them to work the land with miniature ploughs; and as recently as the early 1800s in Britain, in order to become a witch, or to gain the power to bewitch, people would keep the Holy Communion bread in their mouths, walk out and round the church nine times, using certain incantations, then give the sacred wafer to the Devil, who would come out from the church wall in the form of a toad or frog.²⁰

Thus it is through this well-disguised and reclusive creature that the Mysteries of Lucifer are revealed to the higher echelons of the Illuminated Order via the "Toad Bone" Ritual.²¹ By its performance – on certain auspicious dates, especially the night of 24 June²² – a pact is made with the Devil, who when not appearing in person (a rare event indeed), sends instead a high-ranking spirit representative in his place, to confer upon the witch or wizard the Powers of Darkness, concentrated in one of the floating toad's bones as an amulet. This great supernatural force gives the fearless operant supreme dominance over man, beast and Nature. In the blink of an eye the lowly serf is transformed into a majestic Monarch; but few are they who can wear the crimson crown without sin.

Although it may be as old as the very birth of mankind, in recorded history the British provenance of the Toad Rite dates back to late 18th Century East Anglia, where it was known euphemistically as "Going to the River", but there are variations of it worldwide. In 1916, acting on a sign from the Secret Chiefs, the infamous, much-

¹⁹ Likewise, one's Christian, or first name itself was a secret one in the early days of the Church. (Pennethorne Hughes – *Witchcraft*, Pelican 1965, p.96). The origin of this belief comes from the ancient Egyptian creator deity Amon-Ra, the "King of the Gods", who could take any form he wished, each of the gods being but one of his myriad forms. He did this so that his names might be many; but his real name kept secret (as was Ra's), so that the other gods could not pray to (i.e. influence) him. (Veronica Ions – *Egyptian Mythology*, Hamlyn 1975, p.96).

²⁰ Montague Summers – *Witchcraft and Black Magic*, Arrow 1965, pp.79-81.

²¹ Which possibly relates to the more well-known *Toadstone*, a stone whose colour or shape resembles a toad, the most potent example being one that is actually found in the head of a toad, which Shakespeare refers to in *As You Like It*: "The Toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious Jewel in his Head". (II, i, 13-14). Toadstones were worn on the body or set in rings as talismans, amulets or charms, and were held to be an infallible remedy against the power of both witches and fairies. (Montague Summers, *ibid*). A related practice perhaps is the T-shaped bone from a sheep's head, called the "Hammer of Thor" by the fishermen of Whitby in North Yorkshire, who still carry them as a lucky charm.

²² St. John the Baptist's Day, which connects it to the Johannite heresy – where St. John the Baptist is "the only true prophet" and real Messiah; a leading member of the Essene, the purist mystical sect of the 2nd-3rd Centuries BC, who practised solemn initiatory rites and wrote the Dead Sea Scrolls. The Johannite tradition is said to lie behind most of the important underground occult groups from the Gnostic Mandaeans to the Priory of Sion, as well as influencing the Grail legends and much else. In this context it's no coincidence that the Grand Lodge of Freemasonry was founded in England on St. John the Baptist's Day in 1717.

misunderstood British magician Aleister Crowley (Patriarch Grand Administrator General 33°, 90°, 96° of the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Freemasonry and seminal member of the official Ordo Templi Orientis from 1912 onwards, becoming the international Grand Master of that Order from 1925 until his death in 1947) used an extremely blasphemous version to ceremonially elevate himself to the exalted grade of A.:A.: Magus, taking the name The Master Therion (Great Beast), which adds to 666 by Greek gematria. This particular working remains (on paper at least) part of the ‘Caliphate’ Ordo Templi Orientis degree system to this day.²³

Performance of the Toad Ritual, which is often cruel and ruthless, involving the confinement, torture and sacrifice of a defenceless toad, separates the “Toadman” or “Toadwoman” from all mundane society and its conventional ethics and morality, as all genuine magic acts should. As could be expected, there are grave dangers and unexpected consequences attached to the mystery of the rite. The unprepared have experienced disturbing aberrations of their reality, such as fantastic hallucinations (a horse climbing the stairs, sturgeons in the bed, seeing things upside-down), acute paranoia, feelings of being watched or followed and so; others have gone completely insane; whilst a few have met a violent and/or unexplained death.²⁴

This explains quite a lot when it comes to the sometimes rather bizarre behaviour of certain members of the ‘privileged few’ ensconced in high positions of the British Establishment. Such outcomes occur because in their limited frame of reference these people have underestimated the participation in their situation of shape-changing alien energy intelligences with telepathic ability, whom are attracted by much ‘unusual’, strongly-emotional human behaviour, from the deep depression of a solitary person to the ecstatic sex-magick orgy of a group. Many people, from the stupid to the intelligent, go astray and get quickly into trouble here. For once you’ve dabbled in the occult arts, paranormal investigation, UFO research and the like, without proper protection on the subtle mental levels, and have caught their attention then attracted them – you cannot simply “turn off” these alien beings like you do a motor car then go and play poker expecting to remain unmolested.²⁵ What is needed is some form of effective insulation

²³ See: John Symonds – *The Great Beast*, Mayflower 1973, pp.236-239 for a description of the rite. In the occult philosophy of Thelema, “There is no god but man” (*Liber LXXVII*, or *OZ*), which perpetuates the secret position of the ancient Hermetic adepts, whose main premise has been condensed over the centuries to: “As Above, So Below”, i.e. “God is Man”. The Beast 666 can have no idea of God; hence this system is totally human-centered and human-dominated, wherein everything is based on Man’s thoughts, plans and schemes. This is one reason why in European Satanic Witchcraft rites the initiates move anticlockwise or ‘widdershins’; for, although to a Northern Hemisphere observer the Sun, Moon and stars rise in the East and set in the West and appear to move clockwise – when viewed from above the Northern Hemisphere, Earth – the domain of Satan and Man – rotates anticlockwise.

²⁴ Andrew Chumbley, former Magister of the Cultus Sabbati, the initiatic body of the Sabbatic Craft Tradition, wrote a magical book on the Toad Ritual entitled: *One: The Grimoire of the Golden Toad*, which is a very limited edition and difficult to find. His historical study on the Toad-bone Amulet: *The Leaper Between*, which was first published in Mike Howard’s pagan magazine *The Cauldron* some years ago and since then posted on the Internet, is also very informative. However it should be noted that researcher Michael Clarke, in his article entitled: *East Anglian Folk Magic and Witchcraft from the late 18th to the early 20th Century* (first posted on the *Mandrake Speaks* e-mail newsletter in March 2007, published by Mandrake of Oxford via: www.mandrake.uk.net) reports that Chumbley performed the Toad Ritual, and in personal correspondence stated that he was troubled by the book, the ritual, and the consequences that followed on after working it. Andrew Chumbley died not long afterwards from an acute and unexpected asthmatic attack.

²⁵ This is what the old cautionary tales of the “Sorcerer’s Apprentice”, the “Three Wishes of the Bottled Genie”, “Pandora’s Box”, plus the modern horror story of “The Monkey’s Paw” are all about: “be careful what you wish for – because you might just get it”. The Angels continue to watch over us throughout the

from all unwanted, foreign influences: an isolation-shield, whereby it is still possible to conjure and traffick with non-human entities, but whilst at the same time maintaining your unique, individual energy identity. How you actually do this is your own business. There are very fine banishing and earthing rituals in all magical traditions, from which one can fashion a right device.

Conclusion: Hear My Call

Old Nick wants constant freedom and eternal pleasure for the entire human race, not just the ultra-rich elite. In case you haven't noticed, there is a war going on. Not the current temporal, manufactured battle between mind-controlled politicians and mind-controlled terrorist cells, where both sides have the *same* objective ("today's terrorist is tomorrow's statesman...") – but a cosmic war which has been fought for millennia on many fronts by many beings, a Final Conflict whose ultimate victor will be Liberty or Bondage itself. Whose banner do you kiss?

Lucifer is constantly looking for newly-converted recruits to strike a bargain with, which binds both parties in a mutually fruitful association. There is however, no need for such elaborate frameworks as the Toad Ritual, nor those of exotic foreign design, for sorcery is inherent in all cultures and the principle is the same throughout. The operative word is *intent*. The energised, effective alignment of the practitioner's desire-belief-will is most important, not the symbolism and paraphernalia employed.

All you have to do is on the darkest night of the month gather a long spool of red thread and go out alone into a field. Exactly at midnight, place one hand on top of your head, palm down, and the other hand under your feet, palm up. Then project to the farthest reaches the call:

O Satan, exalted ruler of this world, I call to you in your dark eternal caverns. I make a pact of blood with you, the baptism of the Great Black Spirit. Everything under and above me I offer to thee, in the service of the Satanic Battle against mankind's restriction and for mankind's liberation. I do this in exchange for your assistance in the obtaining of my desires, which will assist me in the fight. Hear me Satan! Hear me Satanic Spirit! Hear me Satanist!

After this, stand up straight and tie one end of the thread to your thumb. Put this hand back on top of your head, then let the spool drop. Tie a knot in the thread where it touches the ground at your feet to mark your extent of self in this world, and seal the knot with your fresh blood; all the while repeating the threefold appeal to the Satanic Trinity which totally fills your mind. There must be no distraction. After this has been accomplished, close your eyes and turn around widdershins on your own axis, spinning faster and faster whilst chanting planned incantations or shouting wild gibberish. Lose yourself in the act, to automatically access your greater self.

At the climax, you will know when, throw the spool into the farthest distance, so the thread freely unravels. Wait for it to land, then, keeping your eyes tightly shut, slowly begin to wind back the thread over your hand. If it meets any resistance, you ask if it's the Devil. Should the thread then be pulled from the other end, the answer is "Yes". If so, open your eyes and wait in silence. He will come to you in the form of a black bird or

ages and try to warn of inherent danger by inspiring the writing and engineering the longevity of these popular texts – but they still go unheeded by the people who most need to take note. You'd be surprised at the amount of genuine exorcisms that take place in Britain each month. And the number of people who need but don't have it done.

shadow,²⁶ to grant your wish if you are deemed worthy. This depends as much on your past ancestry as your current fearlessness and unwavering contempt for the state of the world. Not everyone is eligible, and even those who are may not be automatically accepted into the Devil's Band, for inscrutable reasons that are too complex to describe here. Henceforth, Satan will be your Master, but also your ally. The Devil looks after his own, and will help you to accomplish anything that is within his power. Consider this well, and be ever wise in your actions.

Suggested Further Reading

On East Anglian magic and folklore: Nigel Pennick – *Secrets of East Anglian Magic*, Capall Bann Publishing 2004; Chas. Sampson – *Ghosts of the Broads*, Jarrold & Sons 1986; Michael Clarke's *East Anglian Folk Magic and Witchcraft* article cited above.

On the general history of Satanism: H.T.F. Rhodes – *The Satanic Mass*, Jarrolds 1968; Gerhard Zacharias – *The Satanic Cult*, George Allen & Unwin 1980; Gavin Baddeley – *Lucifer Rising*, Plexus Publishing 2006.

On the historical relationship between Satanism and Witchcraft: Montague Summers – *Witchcraft and Black Magic*, Arrow 1965; Pennethorne Hughes – *Witchcraft*, Pelican 1965; Rollo Ahmed – *The Black Art*, Arrow 1966.



²⁶ Such of Satan's Shades are the root explanation of the "inquisitive black crows", "stray black cats" or "Men In Black" visitations: entities who just seem to turn up one day and attach themselves to certain people and watch over them, like the witch's familiars described in old accounts. For they are indeed projections of the Devil, his loyal ministers and spies, granted to a person either in a pact made in a previous life, or bequeathed by a deceased, close blood sorcerer-relative. In human form the Devil's ambassador was the "Black Man" coven master known in medieval times, who dressed all in black with a wide-brimmed black hat and mask. For the specially-chosen, outstanding few, Lucifer appoints a Black Raven to act as his representative. A curious fact known to rural cunning-folk and gamekeepers (but rarely spoken of) is that the raven, which does live in the British Isles, sometimes emanates a strange aura of brilliant 'violet light' which extends about two centimetres around the bird's entire body. It is believed to be a "means of communication". As for his enemies, Satan sends the Crocodile. In ancient Egypt it was the 'crocodiles' who tried to eat souls on their passage through the next world. Even Mr. Punch is scared of the Crocodile, a fearless creature who kills anything with absolute impunity, devouring The Policeman before he's even got his notebook out.

Busy Bees Gather No Golf Clubs: The Mystical Architecture of Francis Dashwood

By Ben Fairhall

YM Note: What with his brimstone-laced brandy and strange crepuscular revels of the Higher Hedonism, we've always been curious about illustrious 18th Century mystery man Mr. Dashwood, an interest bolstered when a few months ago "Mother Matrix" confided to us that one of the Hellfire Club's caves – carved into a hill around



Sir Francis Dashwood, arch trickster and "Founder and Father" of the ultra-secretive Knights of St. Francis of Wycombe, aka: The Hellfire Club

1750 on his West Wycombe estate – covertly extends to connect with the extensive labyrinth of brick-lined drainage tunnels underneath St. Mary's Priory in the Thames-side village of Hurley in Berkshire. During the 1930s, paranormal clues unveiled by séances and dowsing revealed parts of these tunnels and other curious finds such as a skeleton with an Elizabethan dagger in its ribs, discovered behind panelling in the study of a building formerly part of the priory. These secret warrens could explain the unexplained Roman numerals 'XXII' (some sources add a final 'F') and 'XXXIV' inscribed onto the walls of the Medmenham Monks' subterranean sanctuary, and the several cryptic poems and nursery rhymes associated with them, that legend states are clues to a lost passage which leads to a hidden Inner Temple treasure chamber where rare and priceless magical manuscripts and grimoires are buried; this is the "heart of the hill" as described by Dashwood's daughter Rachel Fanny Antonina, who was regarded as a "magnificent witch" after her father's death. And there's also tales of a whole labyrinth of monastic tunnelling beneath Wycombe Abbey (now a girls public school, which is certainly an uplifting muse). But we wanted to know more than the sensationalist stories – which is why we were glad to discover (by unusual 'chance') the writings on this Gothic 'hellraiser' penned by Ben Fairhall, the London-based occult conspiracy researcher into the hidden side of Giant Albion. This present text was compiled by YM staff, with Mr. Fairhall's permission, between September 2007-March 2008, from various articles that first appeared on his *Battling the Behemoth* website (www.ben-fairhall.blogspot.com) and its condensed, introductory version *The Daily Behemoth* (<http://the-daily-behemoth.blogspot.com>).

Every year hundreds of paranormal investigators descend upon Francis Dashwood's rural seat in West Wycombe, Buckinghamshire – one of the 'Michael counties' through which the Michael ley line is said to flow – most of them motivated by salacious rumours of Satanism. To be fair to them, Francis never exactly went out of his way to dispel the myths, if myths they be. The West Wycombe Caves, which have received a family-friendly makeover, attract the most concerted attention and regularly host ghost-watches and the like. For atmosphere, however, the caves are the least interesting feature of the Wycombe complex, which I consider to be the closest thing this country has to a Rennes-le-Château. The real centre of activity is West Wycombe Hill, upon which sits St. Lawrence's Church, and Dashwood's odd mausoleum, sited a few yards outside the hill's ancient Neolithic earthworks.

Those Celts certainly knew a thing or two about hills. The evidence of dowsers and electro-magnetic researchers suggests that the monuments, megaliths, stone circles and earthworks of the ancient world form a nationwide (and possibly global) temple: a grid-like system of geomantic acupuncture, whose ultimate function may have been to ensure the harmonious distribution of energy throughout the land. A lot of attention has been paid to this lost school of knowledge, in particular since the publication in 1969 of *The View Over Atlantis* by John Michell. In it, Michell builds on the work of Alfred Watkins, credited as the father of modern ley-hunting, to speculate upon the likely features of a ley centre. To Watkins, ley lines were ancient trading routes and roads, which often traversed the high

places to ensure ease of navigation. It was considered important for Watkins that each ley centre be visible to the next, so that at every stage of the ancient journey the pilgrim could be guided by landmarks either existing in the landscape, or specially erected for the purpose. This latter category would include the mighty hill-top beacons, lit by night and at certain key festivals throughout the year, forming an evocative chain of light from one end of the line to the other, thus purifying those mysterious channels and uniting the people in a timeless ritual of enormous (and lost) significance.

It is significant that the famous globe atop St. Lawrence's church looks, from a distance, very much like a flame. This corresponds with what we know of Francis, who was a keen Rosicrucian and Freemason, and lover of all things esoteric. The eternal flame is one of the most famous of Rosicrucian emblems, along with the rose, with which the mausoleum is liberally strewn. The secret societies are commonly regarded as the inheritors of the earth magic of the Celts, and it would appear that Francis – and some of his descendants – may have had at least some interest in this abstruse science. The mausoleum is definitely, in my estimation, sited on at least one ley line, a length of which is visible and forms the 'old straight track' of West Wycombe Road, leading away from the village towards Sands. In Sands itself – visible from the mausoleum – stands another unusual structure, on Dashwood Avenue: a modern church with a very distinctive domed roof. It sits perfectly amidst the landscape as seen from the West Wycombe fort, and was dedicated in the thirties by Sir John Dashwood (1896-1966). The name of this church should be of immense interest to ley-hunters, or at least to those ley-hunters who, unlike Watkins, suspect there may be an extra, occult dimension to the phenomenon – St. Mary and St. George.

Driving in from the West Wycombe Road, along this stretch of old track, the beacon of St. Lawrence's dominates the view. This was clearly a deliberate statement by Francis, whom it is said was inspired by the architecture of the Customs Building in Venice, which also boasts a similar golden ball. Apart from the Beckham connotations – which may or may not be relevant – one thinks of Golden Ball Hill, near Alton Barnes in Wiltshire, a regular crop circle site and part of the West Stowell Estate owned by the [high-level Illuminati – Eds.] Rothschild family.¹ It was said of the church at the time that "it gives one not the least idea of

¹ [The popular nickname of former England football team captain and number 23 shirt David Beckham is 'Goldenballs'. In the *Book of Revelation* (13:18), the number of Satan's chief human agent on Earth is (with the superfluous 'and' removed) described in 23 letters: "Six hundred threescore six". This esoteric branding of the 666 'Mark of the Beast' onto the nation's 'Golden Boy' – plus the fact that 23 Satanically Reverses to 32, symbolising the 32 degrees of the Antient and Accepted Scottish Rite, overseen by the 33rd and highest degree, where this 'Rose Croix' Freemasonry is revealed as Luciferian – shows him as being under Illuminati control. He resides with his trophy wife Victoria at Beckingham House, a play on Buckingham Palace, the principal home of the British sovereign since the time of Queen Victoria (hence the subliminal Victoria-Posh [Spice], magical rags-to-riches 'Cinderella' connotation). The intended original entrance to Buckingham Palace was the Marble Arch, designed by John Nash in 1828 (it is now at the west end of Oxford Street in London). This was sacred architecture symbolising in the microcosm the "Holy Royal Arch" of the Great Queen of Freemasonry – and in the macrocosm the "Door of Life" of the Grand Creatrix Mother Goddess.

The Sun newspaper of 18 April 2006 contained a double-paged spread about the FIFA World Cup 2006, featuring a photo of David Beckham and occult symbolism such as the words 'GOLDEN BALL' in gold ink emblazoned across the page, with eleven sparkling stars placed on these letters (the New Age of Aquarius, 11th sign of the Zodiac, that replaces the Old Christian Age of Pisces. Famous psychic Jeane Dixon has stated that its Messiah was born on 5 February 1962 when eight planets were aligned in the constellation of Aquarius, an event that hasn't happened in over 2000 years): referring exoterically to Beckham's nickname – and esoterically to the unique golden-coloured football which would be used in the final match as part of an elaborate 'psycho-alchemical processing' ritual performed right in front of the eyes of unsuspecting witness-targets. This was the first time in the tournament's history that the final game was played with a ball coloured differently from those used in the preceding rounds. The other balls were (Masonically?) white and black. All were manufactured by Adidas under the brand-name +*Teamgeist*, meaning 'team spirit' (*what* team and *whose* spirit exactly?). The final took place on 9 July at the Berlin Olympic Stadium (nicknamed "The Stadium of Spooks" – both spectral

a place sacred to religious worship”. John Wilkes, a fellow member of the Order of St. Francis wrote:

Some churches have been built for decoration, others from parade of vanity. I believe that this is the first church which has ever been built for a prospect.

The purpose of this “prospect” was not merely to imprint his raucous personality upon the village and the land all around. I believe Francis was following in the long tradition of building beacons upon sacred land, and – from one initiate to another – clearly displaying his solar allegiance in the process. It is quite clear, for example, that Francis was just as influenced by the Neolithic style of building as he was by the classical. Indeed, it is a rarely acknowledged fact that the vaunting pillars of Byzantine buildings (such as those incorporated into the nave of St. Lawrence’s) are later developments of the stone circle architecture with which the classical masons would have been familiar. This influence was acknowledged by Francis, who – it would appear – had a keen appreciation of the ancient history of his manor and of the site of his renovated church in particular. Approach the site in a westward direction from the West Wycombe Road (A40), and, from a distance, it is a curious feature of the design of the mausoleum that its hexagonal shape assumes a perfectly round perspective. Look again, and one can see that the pillars of the mausoleum appear to encompass the church which stands over it. From this perspective, the hexagonal mausoleum almost appears to form a lower tier from which the tower of the church juts out. It takes only the smallest exercise of the imagination to perceive in this a direct tribute to the massive stone temple which it is believed once stood on, or near, this very spot.²

The optical illusion described above is unlikely to have been an accident. St. Lawrence’s church, with its love of codes and conundrums, also contains its fair share of optical tricks. The enormous sun symbol (or Eye of Horus?) which gazes down from the roof – wreathed in hexagons and whirling swastikas – appears three-dimensional but is, in fact, quite flat. This same effect is a design feature of the decorative ‘statues’ on either side of the entrance to the chancel.

The hexagon sits in the centre of a *hexagram*, which is a magical symbol of timeless antiquity, with extremely well-known modern connections to the state of Israel and the Rothschilds (again). The Knights Templar, inspired by Islamic sects such as the Druses, settled upon the octagon – within which their famous *crosse pattee* can be inscribed – as their talisman, in part because of the crucible-like effect of such a form upon the local energies when it is incorporated into the architecture of a building. Such features would have been a common sight in the Holy Land in the 12th Century – not least upon Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, beneath which the Templars are known to have excavated. When magnified in this fashion, through utilising sacred geometry enshrined in architecture, the natural energies of the earth could be harnessed for ritual and initiatory purposes by the priesthood and adepts. Might Francis have had something similar in mind, when he designed his famous

and human), built by the Nazis as a national area and scene of the 1936 Nazi Olympic Games, which reverberated with the cult of Nationalistic militarism and sacrificial death-magical rebirth.

The golden ball is of course an emblem of the many-named ancient Sun-god revered by the Illuminati. One can trace the device back to prehistory. In late 1700s Europe, the climax of a certain Freemasonic Egyptian Rite sex-magic working involved its originator Count Cagliostro – said to have been initiated into the Bavarian Illuminati at Frankfurt in 1780 – descending from the ceiling of the lodge seated naked upon a golden globe, with a star shining upon his forehead and a snake in his hand. Three golden balls in the shape of an inverted triangle are the emblem of Saint Nicholas, patron of bankers and pawnbrokers; and, as Santa Claus (Satan Claws), of children. The occult symbolism revealed and unmentioned here is endless no doubt – Eds.]

² Francis was known to be a member of at least one druidic order, the Mount Haemus grove of druids, and had been a member of the Society of Gentleman of Spalding with William Stukeley, amongst others.

mausoleum? It is certainly the case, as I have said, that its location appears to have been determined by certain geomantic principles. It is also true that, in China, to be buried over the dragon lines was the sole preserve of the local ruling families. John Michell writes:

The task which later geomancers most commonly undertook was the location of tombs. The Chinese attached great importance to the influences which played over the bodies of their ancestors, believing them to control the future course of their family's fortune. Great dynasties were said to have arisen from the particularly favourable placing of an ancestor's tomb, and the first action of the central government, when faced with revolt, was to locate and destroy the family burial mounds of the rebel leaders.

Might Francis have been aware of these ancient streams of wisdom? All the evidence seems to point in that direction.³ With its famous golden egg thrust proudly skyward, and knowing Francis's great love for exotic esoterica, it is tempting to imagine that he harboured fancies of West Wycombe Hill being his own, private Temple Mount, the *omphalos* of the much-prophesised paradisiacal "New Jerusalem".⁴

If this is so, I wonder whether he might not occasionally have gazed out upon the surrounding countryside, perhaps from a vantage point within the golden ball itself, and likened the hills of his native Buckinghamshire to some of the other well-known features of the topography of the Holy City. If West Wycombe Hill was Moriah, did he see in the hillocks around him faint traces of Scopus, or the Mount of Olives? The medieval fortifications on the crest of a hill a mile and a half away – unburdened, then, by the houses which encroach upon the old citadel – he may have even regarded as a Buckinghamshire Golgotha, the place of death. Desborough Castle⁵ certainly has such associations now. The external ditch is used as an all-purpose rubbish dump and shooting alley by the residents of the new estate; and the area has endured several shootings and



Situated atop West Wycombe Hill in Buckinghamshire is the "most secular" Dashwood-manipulated Church of St. Lawrence, complete with wine bins, weird interiors and surmounted by a 100ft high golden globe finial, inside of which the twelve-strong "Superior Order" of the Medmenham Monks gathered for purposes unknown. Dashwood lies buried in a vault inside the church, below which stands his mausoleum. Underneath these are the caves.

³ The modern city of High Wycombe, a few miles along the ancient road which Francis restored and extended, is also replete with octagonal structures, both old and new. At least one of these, the Little Market House, has a Dashwood connection: it was rebuilt in the 18th Century to a design by Robert Adam, the celebrated architect of the family's manor house in West Wycombe. The site is again highly significant, for it is believed that two tracts of sacred water (underground streams) converged here. The so-called "Dog Stone" is the only remaining trace of the stone circle which once marked the spot, perhaps balancing the energies at so precious – and energetically precarious – a place. Does the very name Dog Stone (Sirius?) encode a memory of goddess (or stellar) worship once enacted here? At least one famous Dashwood, whose adoration of the feminine made him infamous, would surely have made it his business to acquaint himself with these local legends.

⁴ The great ball is said to be a copy of a similar orb on the Custom House in Venice, thus displaying Francis's love of classical, particularly Italian, architecture. This is probably quite correct; if, however – as is usually stated with great certainty – the interior design of St. Lawrence's drew its inspiration from the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, Damascus, then Francis must surely have travelled throughout the Arabic world as well. It is difficult to believe that a man of his personality – and means – would not have visited Jerusalem at some point in his life, quite probably on more than one occasion.

⁵ www.megalithic.co.uk/modules.php?op=modload&name=a312&file=index&do=showpic&pid=6000

stabblings. Very close to the old fortress is the modern church building⁶ with a certain resemblance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (St Mary & St George.). Although the foundation stone was laid in the 1930s, Francis – had he been around – would surely have approved of the attempt to recreate another of Jerusalem’s landmarks in his old backyard. What he would have made of the rest of the urban sprawl which rings it in, on the other hand, is debatable. Perhaps this is the very desolation his magical workings were designed to inaugurate, à la Jack Parsons?

Whether or not these Middle Eastern speculations have any basis in reality, it is surely to that same region that we need turn in order to find the real origins of his mausoleum design. Francis’s love of classical architecture (and the Roman mysteries) is so well-known we can posit that a visit to Baalbeck, in the presently imperiled nation of Lebanon, was likely undertaken.⁷ Its hexagonal forecourt was the last major addition to the Baalbeck site, built in the reign of Philip the Arab (224-229 AD.) It served as an approach to the Temple of Jupiter;



Sir Francis Dashwood's hexagonal mausoleum

an association which Francis would have found very pleasing – Baal being identified with the sun, his reverence for which Dashwood was hardly shy in proclaiming. The great golden ball which crowns the tower of St. Lawrence’s is, as already stated, an un-ambiguous solar symbol; and the interior design was inspired by a Temple of the Sun in Damascus, Syria. Moreover, Jupiter was the father of Venus whose cult was also acknowledged with a lesser temple at

Baalbeck. The triad was completed with a third temple dedicated to Bacchus. A most bacchanalian fellow himself, the extreme licence of the Heliopolitan Aphrodite cult must surely have met with his thorough approval. Indeed, most writers conclude that – despite dallying with the Black Mass – Francis was much more interested in the feminine mysteries than a committed Satanist. To have erected a structure with these associations – on an ostensibly Christianised hill – would be perfectly in keeping with what we know of his flamboyant personality; and would suggest great pride in its pagan, Neolithic past.

It is also possible that the mausoleum – like the church – was sited for geomantic reasons, as I have previously discussed. It certainly appears to be upon an important ley-line, owing in part to the presence of at least one ghost; and its proximity to the ancient track which ran through the Chiltern Hills from the river Thames to the Vale of Aylesbury and the Ridgeway. As revealed above, there are traditions associated with interring the bodies of royalty over these ‘Dragon Lines’ which, through his involvement in secret societies, Sir Francis may have been party to. Certainly, the ‘superstition’ – that power remains invested in the hands of the rulers only so long as their ancestors are buried over these geomantic centres – has been borne out: a Dashwood remains Lord and patron of the manor of West Wycombe to this day. “The cremation of the dead,” in the words of Adrian Gilbert, “is an old British custom that goes back to the stone age”. Furthermore, “there seems to have been a strong

⁶ www.shipoffools.com/Mystery/2001/405Mystery.html

⁷ Indeed, four Wycombe residents were amongst the twenty-four suspects arrested by police in the aftermath of the staged ‘liquid terror’ alert implemented by John Reid to deflect attention from Israel’s ongoing crimes in said country (www.rense.com/general73/terplot.htm). *Plus ça change*. The famous Roman complex – whose hexagonal forecourt I believe to be the inspiration for the Dashwood mausoleum – suffered damage during recent bombing raids; an atrocity which surely ranks with ‘Butcher’ Harris’s wanton despoliation of Dresden.

tradition that if the remains of a warrior were placed on a near a gateway his spirit would go on protecting the city against invaders”.

We should perhaps then think of the mausoleum as both a monument to the dead and as a gateway to a temple, or a Holy City. Ludgate, one of the great gates of the Old City of London, was named after King Lud of Trinovantum, who had been buried nearby. The concept of the royal guardian spirit keeping watch over the sanctity of the city’s borders was maintained by Queen Elizabeth I, who placed a stone effigy of herself in the restored Ludgate in 1586; an effigy which can still be seen, though today it stands guard above the entrance to the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. Interestingly, in 1760, when the old gates to city were demolished, Francis was a member of Parliament and only two years away from becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whether he approved or deplored this decision I don’t know, but as an example of a ‘Golden Gate’ in the antique style the Dashwood mausoleum is surely one.

There is one final piece to be added to the puzzle with which we can at last solve the enduring mystery of the hexagon. To quote researcher Phillip Coppens:

In Pantagruel, Francois Rabelais (1494-1553), relates the story of Gargantua, the giant, who gives him an estate along the Loire, where John, a Friar, realises his dream in founding the Abbey of Theleme. Rabelais gives its exact dimensions, which are taken from the Kaballah. It has six sides, which echoes the design of the mausoleum that Dashwood created at West Wycombe. But that is not all. Medmenham was an abbey that was located on the river Thames. Francis considered him and his club to be “friars”. Like Friar John realises his dream in the abbey of Theleme on the river Loire, Friar Francis realised his dream in Medmenham Abbey on the river Thames – and later in the creation of the cave complex. Finally, let us not forget that it was believed that the river Thames itself was named after Isis, the Egyptian Venus...⁸

We have already seen how Dashwood also championed the Venusian mysteries, particularly in her form as Aphrodite, one of the major deities of Baalbeck. And of the cult of Melissa, a form of Aphrodite, we read:

[Melissae, the ‘bees’] was the title given [to] Aphrodite’s high priestesses at the honeycomb-shrine of Mount Eryx... Pythagoreans perceived the hexagon as an expression of the spirit of Aphrodite whose sacred number was six. [The members of her cult] worshipped bees as her sacred creatures because they understood how to create perfect hexagons in their honeycomb... It seemed to them a revelation of the underlying symmetry of the cosmos.

So now we know what (and who) was being evoked via Dashwood’s perennial design; perfectly fitting, it must be observed, for a place with the name of Wy-**combe**: the honey-coated domain of the Goddess Herself.

YM Note: We agree with Mr. Fairhall’s conclusion, for, after Apollo had taken over the Oracle of Earth at Delphi in Greece, his priestess the Pythoness became the mouthpiece for his oracles, which were imparted in cryptic poetical form via (six-lined) hexameter (honeycomb?) verse; and – according to *The Hell-Fire Club* by Daniel P. Mannix (New English Library 1967) – Sir Francis designed a formal garden on his West Wycombe

⁸ From his article *Hell, no damnation* (www.philipcoppens.com/hellfire.html), which also reveals yet more layers to the Dashwood legend – that he seems to have been a keen *Synarchist* long before the movement was officially codified in the 19th Century by Saint-Yves d’Alveydre. Indeed, it would seem that Dashwood was an agitator for a New World Order governed by a true aristocracy of initiates. [Remember that by the 1750s Hellfire Club initiates were virtually running Britain, and can be said to have indirectly influenced or even caused the American Revolution via their ridicule of the then popular belief in the “divine right of kings” to rule; their direct personal influence on King George III; and their ability to rouse the London Mob and foment mass riots. American libertarian agitator Benjamin Franklin was almost certainly a member, and most of the European nobility had attended club meetings whilst touring England. When the Hellfire Club ended its Book of Minutes and other records were burnt, so we will perhaps never know the full extent of its objectives – Eds.]

estate in the form of a naked woman; a stream of water gushed from the shrubbery triangle while two fountains shot jets of milky water from the flowerbed breasts (p.5). There was also a temple shaped like a vagina; by its entrance was a brightly-painted column shaped like a huge erect phallus (p.89). At a party on the estate in 1769, a higher class madam supplied “12 beautiful nymphs, unsullied and untainted”, who, it was promised, “will perform the celebrated Rites of Venus as practiced under the instruction and tuition of Queen Obera...” (p.96).

The book also relays to us the theories of famous British witch Gerald Gardner, who believed the Hellfire caves were laid out in a symbolic sexual design: “The swollen Banquet Hall represents the womb, where new life originates. After being born in the womb, the worshippers pass through the pubic triangle [formed by three passageways] and into the flowing river [an actual wide expanse of water that acted as a protective moat to the inner sanctum of the club]. Then, born and purified, they go on to the joys of resurrection that await them in the Temple” (p.92). In 1800, Dashwood’s descendents hired the famous landscapist Humphrey Repton to make “judicious alterations”, and the naked woman garden, the female temple, the male pillar, and other suggestive and obscene statuary was destroyed (p.155).

A later Edition of *Y Magazine* will further explore the esoteric mythology of bees and their Secret Order of the Hive, especially in its relation to occult-hermetic-alchemical political systems. For now though, consider how the bees’ markings of yellow-and-black are the most supremely revered colours of the Illuminati, representing their two major ritual preoccupations of Sex-Death/Creation-Destruction; and at a deep occult, cosmic level the Solar and Black Suns. Here note the acronym ‘EBEs’ (Extra-terrestrial Biological Entities) – the supposedly original official term for alien beings found in the notorious MAJESTIC-12 briefing documents, which state that the term was coined in 1947 by the team led by physiologist, biophysicist and original MJ-12 member Dr. Detlev Bronk. Since then certain other people with government/intelligence connections have tried to anchor the device in the argot of the wider UFO community (without much success). This is because it is a purposeful cabalistic anagram of ‘BEEs’: creatures whose deeply mysterious actions (they defy the laws of physics and shouldn’t be able to fly; seem psychic, etc.) suggest an Elsewhere origin. Here note the reports of a peculiar “insectile buzzing sound” that precipitates a UFO close encounter, Virgin Mary apparition, etc; and that in his *Outside the Circles of Time* (Frederick Muller 1980), Kenneth Grant relates that the rituals of a modern occult “lodge gone black” were also persistently accompanied by this eerie sound. He goes on to mention that the original Arabic title of the dreaded *Necronomicon* has the meaning of “a nocturnal sound made by insects”, so we may assume this sound also announces the arrival of the “Old Ones” from another dimension.

All honeybees go through three distinct stages of metamorphosis (Egg, Larva, Pupa) before becoming an adult – synonymous with the three degrees of ‘Blue’ Freemasonry (Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason) that every candidate must make the transition through before becoming a fully accepted member of the Brotherhood. And both Bee and Mason (on the surface) loyally serve their Queen... Bearing this in mind, could the origin of Speculative Freemasonry as practised today have come from the study of bees? It certainly didn’t originate from a trade guild for building workers, all that was a fantasy concoction made up after they went ‘public’ with the formation of the Grand Lodge of England in 1717 (see *Born in Blood* by John J. Robinson, Century 1990). The Freemasons seem to want a patriarchal Republic along the lines of Plato, and such a Master/Slave city state is reflected in the honeybee colony, where the male drone’s job is to just fly off and mate with Queens from other colonies, otherwise they laze around the hive and luxuriate, being looked after by the female workers who do all the essential tasks. Their Queen is only tolerated so long as she lays the eggs for the next generation and doesn’t try to leave. And look at the ‘Seal of Solomon’ they use – Masonic historians explain its secret symbolism that by removing the two horizontal bars, this leaves the interlaced Compass and Square, the two main Masonic tools – but could this ancient six-pointed star really represent the central radiating hexagonal cell of the honeycomb, symbolising the core of the truly arcane and authentic esoteric philosophy transmitted (by Bees?) via display, telepathy, or some other means? What of the known and unknown properties of propolis, royal jelly, honey, beeswax (honeybees are the only insects to make wax), caffeic acid and venom, all found naturally in bee products? Not to mention mead, that old favourite tippie of the monks...

It’s no coincidence the infamous Merovingians used the bee as their emblem, placing it on womb-like ‘grail’ chalices, as for them it represented the holy bloodline of Judah. In fact, the bee was a symbol of ‘royal wisdom’ from before the time of King Solomon, another hint that these flying helpers of Nature and Mankind either were, or were intimately connected to, the off-world ‘First Race’, who came to planet Earth long ago to breed with humans and produce hybrid Superbeings, as recorded in *Genesis* and other ancient texts. Right here is the origin of the whole “divine right of kings” instinct: Pharaoh-Emperor-Despot as the incarnation of the Godhead, divinely anointed and ordained by God to rule, their divine power and authority passed down the bloodline via genetic heredity. Accountable to God alone, the ‘Chosen Ones’ are not answerable to the laws and judgement of lesser mortals, thus their subjects have no rights at all. Whether truth or delusion, it worked as the dominant ideology for centuries, continuing in Europe way past the Reformation, and is still there in fact, behind the scenes, helped in part by the ongoing cottage industry of Bloodline Fetish books: a sugar cube before a heap of pollen. Perhaps this explains why spiritually-minded British royal family member Prince Charles is about to make a propaganda film about “the harmony of the beehive versus the modern throwaway consumer society”...

DUMBPLAYSTATION MINDBLOCKER

(THE FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS KILLER)

News round crap. Nine pots of piss and thunder; one junction crossed; 3 followed 2 sounds one distractions. Another remembered name on another pier bench dedicated to the one I love. The grains on the pier planks strain with the pedestrian, all well-knitted before the fire called or the salt wash stripped out some fair wood.



Mountains, water, stones. Voices out around them. Families familiar with them. The air continuing and moving it all. All floated ideas are soon pegged, but only for a short while; they soon float away again. For that we are thankful.

Waves alongside movement. Human diverters, controllers. The mental, backed by the physical, creating a hard rock only. Hard rocks are what you are 'supposed' to build on. Again the human sick of the human gets it wrong. Hard energy billows from the created hard rocks. Stabilised currents around which gather adjusted humans, which then dress themselves as

lords and act 'accordingly' appallingly. The small world big world meeting can never take place. Over to you, dancer in the wood, cold man with an axe, night sky full of smoke, songs around a fire, man and woman make love, children they will be.

Power from the combined soft spot lights the head. No functionary pre-churning of the chakras. The inter-relationship and appreciation channels the right energy. No gear changes occur. You are either feeling the reluctantness or you are not. And it is that which is then worked with the breath around 'the body'. Falling, inside, and yet this time there is not resistance and no evil or poor. I am falling in and it feels the same as if out. There is nothing to fall on this level. Nowhere where it is not met. No insult, no attack, no awkwardness. No aloneness.

In a bloodline milkmare Michael dreams of a love under water in a little town he once knew. His dream appears to let him in. It's called and led. Born and fed. Life carries on fruitfully in this manner when there is no reliance sought from others less informed. Foregoing pride the Sun shines, but alas is met and turned away. And onward screams the old grey charms left from long ago. Two stars can make all the difference. Just see how many there are.





I'd long ago veered off from the main expedition, preferring instead to show mirrors to the clouds in a glaring ambiguity, as I feigned a reason or less to draw my sparking who-mudra fingers on green-steamed glass in the white garden; but the act became a museum, a disused laundry of the mind. Now the Winter had sharpened the Hunt...

Along with an unknown impetus, I almost hovered on my demented walk across the salt-breezed dunes and crumbling chalk cliffs; my altered eyes focus down to X-ray a sacerdotal trapdoor set horizontally into the living carpet, camouflaged over by layers of soil and grass to cunningly match the rest of its surroundings like intelligent TV. With the trusty crowbar I always carry in my right trouser-leg I managed at last to lever the heavy grey obstacle open, to find that the curious rectangle led onto an even odder one, framing a creaking, rusty iron spiral staircase, whose winding chthonic impulse propelled me downwards, winding dark, low tunnels this way and that through the black into a tiny secret lair, the cellar of a cellar, giggling gnome territory, wherein I discovered, like a disturbing trick of the atmosphere: warning feathers, doctored textbooks, red paint voodoo on the walls; on closer inspection confusive nine-sided violet boxes, and something unnatural below them still that heralded a disquieting emotion like a broken child's invisible menace, contacting Hitler through antique dealers. My hidden background "merely a text behind trembling superiors" striking bells announced. Something about "Mr. K" - Jesus knew him, the wanting creature.

The heat seemed alien, verdigris from another planet, as though I'd relaxed something (I didn't feel relaxed but felt something relaxed: the psychic undercurrents that soak the loose self understanding). A message drifted past, then came to me:

.....reduce to candlelight.....synchronized crowns.....strange aerial.....black seeds floating in the air.....with us at present and active is the 'knowledge' of a 'complete' 'other' that dream time is all about.....an area that is not relative to life this life and yet is familiar with us.....Spell 18 RED NOISE.....We have all keys.....

I awoke on the biting floorboards, muscles aching subways, head spinning bottom line from all the clearing alcohol and fresh findings the vastscape before. I needed to urinate, archers and Oscars, so wandered like a swan in a maze haphazardly the direction of the bog. I realised something was different and probably dangerous as the unfamiliar perfume assailed my nostrils. Not that expensive, but not too cheap either. A cover story making its attempt. The solution opening the bathroom door... There was Kustard, whom I'd contacted on the Black Rose website not 18 hours ago; some kind of gothic structure crimson events there are sister experiments outdone herself. I'd almost forgot she was there because.....the way her nubile form asleep and immobile sat on the toilet like a marble statue classical or modern expensive sex doll waiting for eternity no clocks, otherworldly comatose in the young dawn twilight filtering through the frosted windowpane. It stimulated in a certain way I become the dupe again exactly the future? She was too far gone anyway; went to Oxford, founding myths. Must've drunk more to mind; once you're in you're IN.

Closing the yellow door behind me onto cramped weird angular space I moved in front of her, watching the pale taut skin dancing unfamiliar experience intently. Her sheer living, close-fitting super-shirt emphasised the drift. Was unbuttoned five, so I leant over to touch those firm, pink-painted, farm-fresh breasts of plenty, my nimble fingers coaxing her nipples into porcelain domes. She moaned softly, surrounded by humming numbers, shifting her position slightly on the cold oval ring framing the cave. Prompted by stage reverie, my fierce, searching vice-grips pinched her twin powder teats, twisting them as buttons turning on the waterworks in dream; careful tears running down to streak into desperate pools - yet strangely she was enjoying the abuse, judging from her whispering wankist whimpers and dampening orifice caught in fish nets and old arsenic lace credentials as I deftly pulled her black plastic skirt up silent thighs bit me. I greedily prepare to fill up could feel the come-close energy moving a vivid magenta through my body sense the welcome changes produced by it and later on.

Kustard's long blonde hair falls down onto upright sunlight body flesh as she unconsciously opens herself to better receive the Beast. Fragrant hypnotic spores caressed obscure physical receptors as I untangle myself from her legs and probes to flow overboard with grace. Under my magic hand, persevering and preserving, she in turn is flooded with a million queer riverings, which seem to settle deep inside my bones. I know the meaning now of "laying one's life down for another"; pulled it back to the childhood birthday game, morphing tenderfoot but deceptive, masking an unholy grace, smiling broadly down memory lane as unbidden forces wrestled for control. She had to blow his top with a sawn up shotgun on the deserted train platform, crouching down placing her hands on the chilly, unmoving *Action Man* doll of the major world, the plastic muscular figurine holding court between slim butterfly calves innocent without fear, parting pink tissue to find its way inside, coursing strange and wonderful pains up to the womb, killing innocent houseplants and setting the oven on fire.

The surround-us-smooth tiles glowed war from inside in a rabid aberration as I slowly rubbed the growling head of my stirring manhood over her parched dry mountain lips, smearing the thick black lipstick over her left cheek in a strange ritual gesture. I exposed my rammer to outer courts until he was engraved for her alone. Suddenly though, the hint of those dark mascara eyes half-opened...her first sight after heavy inner vistas the depraved mask of my proud erect phallus throbbing just inches from her facials, filling her vision like a monster from the Id, an iconic gun to her head. She gasped in fearful surprise: "Please stop".

"No when I decide".

I produce the thin leather natural coiling cords, her protesting wrists secured behind the spine, caught quickly tight talisman. There's nothing like the sound of fast-knotting bonds to arouse a man's sadistic side.

"Filthy harlot".

"Yes, oh".

The schedule pulsed to alien radio. My left hand frigged her slippery rudder whilst fingering her dry rectal invitation. This hard prick in her soft mouth, to mate-dominate. With this cock she deranged, flicking the tip of her pointed tongue over my piss-slit. Trying to get it inside.

"You dirty great whore..."

"Oh God!"

Now what's all this about? There were surely others present; cameras caught flashing in the blink of an eye from the corners hide. Potatoes laughing underfoot, for a sinister reason. All the strangers meeting simultaneously along a distant line. I wondered what 'foreplay' was really 'fore', and massive booming poems arose chanting starless pearls, united poles, important older generations, here-today-gone-tomorrow stuff. An answer? Ah, look...showroom dummies now displayed everything necessary, where it all added up and made perfect sense for once.

Kustard was creaming, I could feel it whipping up in me, hence the cream tease. We were like a one-off jungle medicine in weird transition, the arcane cauldron not quite there yet and spilling over the sides, shooting up wild bubbles of globular promise for later rain. Pull her up and turn her around, bent over the big white telephone, head on the cistern turned. I gave her The Nine Serpents, filling her royally, for every foot trod in battle, every cloak rolled in blood. Flames shoot up from the hell bowl and out of the infernal pipe. She erupts into archways of roses as the golden cross is borne from the remotest abyss, descending in an interlaced trailing spin, their brilliant glinting hinted delicate heretical..... We are gloriously void afterwards, our autographs on fire, and the last book says the claws of the raven, dripping this incomparable night tasted carve of the sun.



The ATIS Enigma: A Complex Pathway to the Simplicity

Special Report by Frater 33,
Paranormal Investigator to
and of the Secret Stars



AUTHOR'S NOTE: Most of the direct quotes in this article come from the book *ATIS: One Life In Both Worlds* (a 19.5mb PDF file whose 327 page illustrated text purports to tell the whole story of the ATIS Family so far) and personal e-mail exchanges with the group. My other observations stem from experiencing the accompanying 73-minute ATIS Family DVD *M. Jackson, Irma, Me & One Truth*. As English is not their first language, I have – with the authors' permission and in the interests of readability and understanding – corrected some slight discrepancies of spelling, grammar and punctuation present in the primary sources. Rest assured that great care has been taken to retain the original meaning. Understand that this article (or perhaps, extended press release) only represents my own interpretation of what the ATIS Family are about. I don't speak for them officially. I have written this article between January and April 2006 (and revised and expanded it during August 2007-March 2008), for no payment and under no obligation of any kind.

It All Begins...

Who knows why sometimes there is a proverbial “bolt from the blue”, when the Unknown Other decides, in no uncertain terms, to pierce the veil and intervene into our world? Philip K. Dick being hit by a pink laser beam of concentrated information shot from the golden fish-emblem pendant of a chemist's delivery girl; the Virgin Mary descending out of the clouds above the heads of illiterate peasant children; the Men In Black trio paying a floating, glowing-eyed visit to Albert K. Bender; and all the other incidents of a similar nature. Explanations of what this (mostly unpredicted, unexpected, unbidden) phenomenon is are usually limited, personal opinions, for no-one – experimenter or outsider, believer or skeptic – can really know for sure. It has myriad names and takes infinite forms, as do the results, but one thing is certain: *it happens*. We know that *the phenomenon exists*. Higher Intelligence has been repeatedly contacting mankind for many centuries. What follows is an account of one such meeting of the two worlds. Make of it what you will.

It is the tail end of the 1960s. For more than 25 years the Bulgarian Tzetzko (aka Sergio Popovski) has been living in Belgium, working as a musical bandleader, producer and promoter of celebrities in the entertainment industry, two of which were the favourites of, and inspiration to, Michael Jackson (this fact will become more relevant later). Sergio was successful enough in material terms, but felt that something spiritually-big was missing from his life. Whilst at a gala, he meets a talented young drama student named Yolanda. The acquaintance begins to develop into a serious relationship, then tragedy strikes. In 1972, Yolanda arrived late for an appointment with Sergio, who had already left. So she drove home again. During the journey Yolanda crashed her car and died.



Sergio Popovski

Looking for some kind of answer or reason for it all, Sergio becomes interested in Dianetics and joins the related Church of Scientology, but leaves soon afterwards. He examines other esoteric movements and spiritual teachers, but nothing seems to satisfy; they all lack a certain essential *something*. He meets a new partner in Rita (who had watched Yolanda in the theatre, before meeting Sergio) and has two children by her: Sofie and Marie. The cogs, both here and elsewhere, continue to turn.

Meanwhile, another native Bulgarian named Elka Valcheva, the daughter of a very popular musician, had been going through her own life crisis. During early childhood she was recognised as a virtuoso folklore music and classical violinist, but her parents divorced and she went to live with her mother, who stopped her from playing music. Then, aged ten, her father (another successful musician) kidnapped her and brought her back to the music stage and school. Elka had loved her father up to this point, but after he had realised the extent of her enormous talent he turned from a loving, caring person into a dictator, harming her both physically and psychically. But that's what he thought would direct her to, and keep her on, the top level (the same as Michael Jackson's father believed). At one point, for her own safety she ran away from home to live

with friends and make her living secretly by music. To cover himself, her father made a false report to the police that she was a dangerous prostitute and thief, thinking he would make it impossible for her to live without him. As she spent many interminably long weeks in a hellhole prison, a new TV show program showing her to be happy and successful was being broadcast. When Elka was finally released she was 14 years old.

We move forward now to the early 1990s. After an unsuccessful pregnancy and a lot of discouraging arguments with her husband, Elka decided to give another last chance to her marriage and long-time relation, by planning to leave Communist Bulgaria and going to Belgium for a fresh start. Around this time she 'accidentally' met a duo of travelling musicians who had previously worked playing songs in various hotels for the aforementioned Sergio. Acting on impulse, she decided to form a musical quartet, and on 14 March 1995 (the birthday of Rita, Sergio's partner), Elka moved to Belgium with her partner and this other musician duo,



Yolanda

and there meets Sergio for the first time on her 21st birthday. The quartet begin working for him, playing in the 5-star hotels. At one point she alone was invited to play as part of Sergio's dance band orchestra. It was after this successful gig that he found Elka crying, and, as a friend and manager, Sergio spontaneously asked her to give him a chance to show her that it *was possible* in this world for someone to really know and understand another person. And from this seemingly innocuous set of events began "The "Mother Story"...

The morning afterwards, the honest, loyal and happily married Elka awoke with an inexplicably strong attraction to Sergio (who was thirty



Elka

years older and already had his own family). She decided to share her feelings with him, with the risk of sounding foolish in his eyes, but to her surprise he was understanding, and spontaneously told her that she was the miraculous reincarnation of his former, sadly deceased girlfriend, a belief strengthened by the fact that the two women looked very much alike; that Elka was born in 1972, the exact same year that Yolanda had died, aged 21, the same age Elka was when she first met Sergio.

Thanks to Sergio's wise and thoughtful guidance, their relationship took a while before it was fully consummated. The key for its "explosion" was Elka's Near Death Experience around June 1995, as afterwards she realised that her relationship with her husband made no sense, and so asked Sergio if she could stay at his house until she recovered and could think over her marriage and future life. Day-by-day she gradually came to terms with the changes that had happened to her life after the NDE, like psychic abilities... Eventually, she decided to split her marriage, but not create unhappy children too. After this decision was taken she experienced a second shock where she saw a projection of her own funeral and found out that her name really was Yolanda.

Inbetween these two paranormal events Sergio and Elka began having sex, which didn't disturb Rita as that was the free and open nature of their relationship. Then Sergio suggested the idea that when she wanted to, Elka should live like a younger person, becoming a daughter to him: a more higher relation than a 'girlfriend'. He told her: "Your feelings towards me will not last long as a girlfriend, but as a daughter you can always feel part of the family, no matter what you do". So Elka now becomes part of Sergio's family, and best friends with Rita, sharing the practical responsibilities of everyday life such as raising the children together, "with the assistance of all invisible creatures".

Inevitably perhaps – for however spiritual we are there are always other forces at work – tensions begin to develop between the group, which grow and grow, to climax one fateful night on 12 November 1998 in a devastating event. As Rita spoke of the joys of her own pregnancy and child rearing, Elka – who had previously experienced a miscarriage during her troubled time in Bulgaria – experienced a surprise panic attack, an immense surge of stress and terrible overwhelming dread, in which she was "seized with vibrations or electrowaves" and "felt as if the end was coming..." This developed into another full-blown Near Death Experience. Eventually:

Elka felt that she was rising upwards and her pains were gone. There was a sense of magnitude, fleetness and space. But what was that? She heard someone choking, stifling and who needed help. When she turned around . . . She saw the back of Tzetzio [Sergio] who was bent over someone and trying to help him...a moment [later] she saw that it was her own body writhing . . . Then she understood that she was dead, but suddenly a pretty, lightened creature looking like a beautiful angel in the form of a woman came to her, gave her a hand, touched her face, then took Elka back to the bed where her body was suffering and drew a breath towards the body... Elka felt bewildered, she felt the electric nails again and then saw Tzetzio but this time his face.

She recovered consciousness but could not talk. After hospital treatment she returned to Sergio's house to recuperate, and made a very quick recovery. A few nights later, Elka told Sergio on the veranda: "I think there is a link missing in your search and I feel that I am the one who is supposed to bring it to you." Then she went to sleep in the room full of L. Ron Hubbard's Scientology and Science Fiction books. During her slumber she experienced a strange feeling that Mr. Hubbard had appeared to her in a dream, but couldn't remember what, if anything, he had told her. Later, as she was cleaning one of the rooms, she had a resurgence of the 'panic attack', with the added sensation of being strangled. She began choking and couldn't breathe properly. Sergio used his Scientology training to calm her down, then suddenly Elka's body slackened as she fell into something that resembled a state of deep hypnosis, dream or schizophrenia. Her mouth opened and a strange voice projected out of it, telling Sergio that: "I am an old friend of yours who helped you 120 years ago..." A short interaction took place, the seconds passing in simple conversation, and after that the 'spirit' inside Elka's body explained that it was going to withdraw in such a manner so that when Elka woke up she would be unaware of what had happened.

Understandably shocked at this unusual turn of events, Sergio was also fascinated to realise he had witnessed a *bone fide* 'Channelling'. He felt as if he was on the edge of something vast and unknown. It was like "a dream hidden deep inside of him about all that he had studied of that invisible world, coming true..."

It is at this precise point that the ATIS Family was formally born into our world. The "old friend" who had assisted Sergio "120 years ago..." turned out to be "Mother Atlanta", the creator of the legendary world of Atlantis and the same spiritual being who had saved Elka's life during her NDE. In those few precious moments Atlanta had told Sergio that thousands of years ago she had known him as the spirit called "Vezuvius" or "Vezu", when they were enjoined in an "undivided partnership" together. She continued to relate how they:

both had human bodies as well and created 4 children – 2 girls and 2 boys and raised them half on Earth and half on a small planet, which they called REAZ or the 'rose planet'. Thus these children became the continuers of the Atlantis civilization, whose members were the guardian angels of the Creator. The four responsible children were called IRMA and OMA, RIAL and HRISTO. Time had passed and then life in bodies existed on 77 planets, but the spirit decided not to listen to the old Creator anymore and to try and play alone at technical progress, control, strong and weak, talented and not talented, poor and rich, beautiful and ugly, clever and stupid and so on...but the Atlantis civilization remained loyal to the Creators and the old Creator. But the father of IRMA, VEZU had been known not only for his strength and abilities but also for his naivety about the "honesty" in the new life without YEH-OO.* VEZU believed that he had to help and he could not leave the dying without doing anything. He believed that they needed him and did not realize that he had clinched a deal with the 23 devil that was called KXENU at that time. Atlanta tried to stop him but she believed when he said: "I know what I am doing", "I do not need help", "Do not come with me". Time had passed and "the new life" progressed so much . . . until one big accident that destroyed the memories of all creatures on the 77 planets and eventually destroyed the bodies from which they came out from and thus all of them looked like schizophrenics from all planets imprisoned on Earth (the communicative center at that time) . . . Atlanta stayed and not only stayed but began to rebuild the life on planet Earth, which was full of invisible creatures with various origins but with no consciousness. She collected bodies after bodies, followed her partner without him even realizing it and at the same time provided help to each creature that might need it.

* "YEH-OO" is a name given from the invisible parts of the Family ATIS, meaning "GOD, The Creator of every thing in existence". YEH = The Beginning, and OO = The End. Together they mean "Eternity". As for "KXENU", or "XENU":

[In] the Scientology story of existence, Xenu is like Satan for the Christians. He is the creator of the accidents which happened on this planet, before 75 million years ago... He was the reason why we lost our self, and why we were imprisoned (closed) on this planet (as we are still...) He was the president of the united civilization in that time (77 civilizations). Therefore, Ron Hubbard intrudes by his secret [and] confidential materials in the Scientology story, or "legend" about the existence in the time track, and the reason why we are where we are now.

For Atis Family, and specifically for me and Sergio, after all the experience we had until now, we understand that there is no such thing as someone somewhere in existence, who is – him self – as he has been created, who can decide to do a thing, willingly knowingly, and become the reason for the "shit" state of affairs in which we are today on this planet. People look all the time for someone, something, or even an image, to blame for its problems. It's much easier, but it's not like that. There are dark forces, but they are dark because we create them like that.

So Xenu is a non-terrestrial being, who from the beginning of the existence was very attracted to the game level of "Technical progress". He was one of the dear children of the Creator, that chose to create the materialization of energy and its power. He wanted to make possible the replacing of the native abilities we have by the Creator, with materialized objects, and thoughts. Of course he did not mean anything wrong by that, but as all of us, he found that

there is not that much reason that YEH-OO should be worried about. He created a lot of things for Ye-OO Him Self as gifts. Xenu is the finder of the computation as “alone standing” process, and the first created non-natural mind was by him. Then he created a lot of implants and hi-intelligence computers. Then little by little we all lost our self in the game of “limitation and experience”. He became the creator and owner of the 77 planets communicative system.

Then he became a president of the “united civilizations”. After this everything went so weird due to criminality and overpopulation, that he needed to find a way to be able to change the creatures which were not possible any more to keep under any control. So he together with Vesuvium created a special technical procedure called “CERTA” in which, when you are put true, you take another form of existence and you maybe also divide into few parts. Like that after implanting you (against your will, or not depending on the procedure) you become someone else and you don’t remember anything about what and who you were before. But this could not be applied to everyone, the population was too large and therefore he created the idea of making a massive “hypnotic” attack to the communicative system, and then lock up all the creatures on the planet Earth. Afterwards, there was installed a special “control” system around the planet to make sure noone can get out of here (because here will be all the destructive beings, something like a “trashcan” or a “jail” planet?)

Then his meaning was to create “new life”, but he did not know that someone was after him, and this one was Angel Atlanta. She caught him exactly when he put her partner Vesuvium in the “Certa”. She could not save her partner from being separate in parts but she fought Xenu, and whilst the fight was going on, the automatic system, producing the accident, started itself. So Atlanta froze him for almost eternity, in a special machine Xenu created himself, and destroyed all his laboratory and so on. This all happened of course, not on this planet, which was Xenu’s base. So after that she went/came into the world here on Earth, before the system of the protection was closed... But Xenu awoke a few years before the Atis Family was already existing and he is still there, in this kind of “refrigerator” where Atlanta left him. However, because he understood that the mind cannot save the spirit but it’s just the contrary there, he asked the Creator to forgive him and give him a chance to help. That is how he came in communication with us and now he is with one line non-stop in our space, without being able to see anything else here, but his only family – Atis. Very creative inventor. He can be one “manufacture/plant” for science fiction books, because for him this 75 millions of years are just missing and he sees the life now, and has memory, like it was yesterday for 75 millions of years. He has a lot of knowledge. And he looks “funny”...but lovely for Atis.

Mother Atlanta it seems, “had numerous transitions” between Elka to Tzetzo “and vice versa” from 1981 onwards, and it was she who arranged things behind the scenes for Elka and Tzetzo to actually meet in the flesh, and inform them that “M. Jackson is one of our children...”. The name ‘ATIS’ itself also comes from Atlanta (Ata): “the creator of the [ATIS] Family and Atlantis”.

Tzetzo-Sergio then began a working astral communication with L. Ron Hubbard that continued throughout several meetings, in which Mr. Hubbard – presumably glad for the opportunity to expound his beliefs to a willing audience once again – showed Sergio the ultimate purpose for the creation of Scientology over 75 million years ago; about the game of existence after our withdrawal from the Creator; and more precisely about his (Hubbard’s) role in “the retrogressive existence”. Ron went on to explain how he remembered himself as the spirit “Lrone”, who chose to be “gray or in other words chose to be in the middle”. Although such revelations were already quite enough for any former Scientologist to assimilate, Hubbard then drops the bombshell that he stole the idea for Scientology from Sergio! (or Vezuvius, as he is known in the invisible world). Also disclosed was the fact that:

there existed drawers in the invisible world, which belonged to their creator and contained important information about his experiment, original ideas, discoveries and so on. Ron Hubbard shared the fact that he managed to invent a system for searching those drawers, like for example bank cards, access codes and so on. One of these drawers was Sergio.

Elka (now known as “The Big One”) then joined in the exploratory astral experiments. During one of these psychic searches, “after a blow”, Sergio began directing her, and they made contact with one of the wondrous “data drawers” previously created by Vezuvius-Sergio. After that the pair:

started a communication with the main computer of the Earth-controlling system. Sergio understood that in the invisible world there was information and explanation for everything, but not all the sources contained the truth that would help one understand oneself or others. Sergio understood that there were three main sources in the invisible world; namely: Deceiving, Truth-containing, and Empty. It became clear that regardless of its source, behind each contact lay certain reason and perfection.

It wasn’t all sweetness and light however. There appeared the sinister, other-dimensional “black balls”; and a creature named “Smoky”, who was attracted to Rita because of her heavy drinking and negative energy, possessing and controlling her to physically attack Sergio. But, as often happens, this was a blessing in

disguise, as Smoky taught them the valuable lesson that you will reap what you sow, or “What you put in is what you’ll get out”. Smoky eventually became one of the most appreciated and positive creatures in ATIS.

(This is my assertion, not that of ATIS, but it is curious that Smoky demanded the use of the password “333 mother’s fucker” before the start of each communication. 333 is the number of Choronzon, a powerful demon encountered by Aleister Crowley in the North African desert whilst he skryed the Enochian Aethyrs in 1909. Given Hubbard’s direct involvement with Jack Parsons and the Babalon Working and other Thelemic OTO magick in the 1940s, and his later astral meetings with ATIS, there may be a connection here).

The Mystery Deepens...

As if this wasn’t outré enough, later, during the beautiful evening of 12 November 1998, when: “Sergio and Elka were out on a working night walk with usual shoes and without any preparation...”, a non-terrestrial female angelic being named “Irma” suddenly came and entered Elka’s body. Once inside, Irma had the disconcerting characteristic of moving about in a careful and searching way, like a kind of futuristic Tai-Chi, or more recognizably, Michael Jackson’s dance-moves, which must have been quite mystifying to all concerned, as Elka had only seen about one M. Jackson performance, was no fan of his, and certainly didn’t have any idea of the intricacies of his dancing. And yet there she was, Moonwalking as if it was second nature to her! And this was not all. According to Sergio:

Her expression of the face was completely different . . . no one was speaking... [She was] Just moving and making sharp noises like Michael Jackson does between his songs. But the more she continued, the more I forgot about Michael, because I felt this being in her wanted to say something, only I could not understand anything.

Irma functions as what is known as a “Control” in esoteric circles. That is, an intermediary or emissary between the human Medium/Channeller/Contactee and the beings in another dimension, on some deep space planet, inside the UFO, etc. It was through Irma, communicating via the trance medium Elka, that the initial 600 ATIS Family members – from alien levels of existence down to the humans – were potentially made aware of each other. Elka describes Irma as having:

a female look. Her body is covered with small, transparent fish scales, which have a strong shine. She is surrounded by 8 circles like Saturn and they resemble, according to our knowledge, the different minds of her abilities and played games outside this planet. She spends most of her time in the circles where she is protected from the magnetic and electric storms of predominate negativity on Earth. Irma emits temperature around her, which is close to medium climate (Xenu often called her “the home interplanetary air-conditioner”). One of her most unique abilities in comparison to the other creatures in the Family is her ability to create physical world (visible to us all) in her space, like a chair on which one can sit, a mirror in which she can see herself, clothes to put on . . . spring water in which she can wash herself and so on. She emits different colors depending on the condition she is in or the feeling she wants to express: silver white with pink touch means calm and peaceful condition, encompassing all earth obstacles; bright red with gold touch means action and readiness for hard struggle in the visible world; bluegreen means searching for and finding of eternal truths in contact with the CREATOR of everything; pale brown means problem, sadness, weakness in front of the injustice... [and] so on. She also constantly smells sweet and her fragrance spreads for kilometers away from the place where Atis is in the invisible world and as her colors change, so do her smells. She does not communicate like all us (including the alien creatures) in the Atis Family through transitions of lines, energy, intention, but through wonderful sounds, which are pure like crystals, and if literally translated are always in the form of poetry.

The ATIS Family cannot reveal Irma to everyone:

We can show her manifestation in the visible world through Elka’s body, like we can show how she is manifesting through Michael Jackson’s body on stage, but she remains visible (for now) only to Elka and other people with strong and developed abilities for seeing in the invisible world (and this only if it is the right time in the path of such persons to see her).

Irma, (or “Invisible-Queen Responsible Mother Angel”) later explained how the peculiar, original, and highly-stylized manner in which Michael Jackson dances is in fact the way she naturally moves all the time; that actually, she was in essence:

Michael Jackson’s “copy” from Heaven . . . the twin of the creative spirit of Michael Jackson . . . the counter balance of Mr. Jackson’s physical and masculine characteristics.

The problem is that Irma is *divided*, split into two parts for different reasons and circumstances, and these two parts are not aware of each other, just like human twins separated at birth. As each of the twins knows

nothing of the other's existence, Elka MUST reach Michael Jackson and share the Irma-ATIS message with him, so that Jacko's celestial female half Irma can unite with the male half already inside him, so they may become one – or not, if that is Jacko's decision.

Imagine the dilemma: Elka has these terrible and traumatic events happen to her, in which she nearly dies twice, that transmogrify into a series of amazing, incredible, psychic happenings, in which she sincerely and honestly believes that she has been contacted by a female entity of Higher Intelligence from the stars who is deeply connected to top-rank pop megastar Michael Jackson. She has to contact him – even just to help on a mundane level maybe. Imagine if in the future something bad happens to him or he lives a frustrated life, and for all those years she hasn't bothered to tell and help him when she could have – how would she feel then? Living with the knowledge that possibly for all his life Jacko has been deeply troubled, feeling that something essential was missing. And she alone can supply the missing part, the solution to the conundrum, that erases the dilemma and unlocks the greater reason for both Michael's and Elka's reason for existence, not to mention that of their spiritual counterparts. Surely, she must try as hard as she can to fulfil her mission? Who could be given such an opportunity and then decide to reject it?

Rita had by now decided to leave the family because it was too much for her and she needed some time out to find by herself the truth about everything. But she still believed in Irma, and did as much as she



The ATIS Family Home

could on her level to help Irma reach Jacko. Elka's other male partner also called it a day and moved on to other pastures. Thus the ATIS Family were now free to set out with full application to fulfil their First Task, known as "The Michael Jackson Cycle". They didn't want to impress anyone; they weren't seeking notoriety or mass media coverage. Elka only dressed as Jacko in the privacy of her own home and outside during carnival time. (In the photos taken at the carnival, Elka does look *remarkably* like Michael Jackson, and had people coming up to her convinced she actually was him). She wanted no money for her story – in fact, she stated that she was willing to *pay money* for a few minutes of Jackson's time, just so she could present him with the ATIS-Irma revelations. To this day she has no reason or motivation to want to meet Michael Jackson, other than to show him that Irma exists. She doesn't want anything from him – other than a personal reply in his own hand.

There is nothing sinister or 'stalking' about this. The wild cats – who are very psychically sensitive and can instantly tell an evil person – feel comfortable with Irma-Elka as she Moonwalks and dances beside them.

At this juncture there occurs "a key point", when into the ATIS Family "comes a great human being, now without organic body", a personage named Baba Vanga, who brings the missing link in the belief system of Sergio: mostly a technical power that puts everything in the light after one pronounces the name of "Jesus". By this method they managed to clear away everything that was not part of their responsibility and path, and not of His will.

But still they did not reach their goal. For more than seven years Elka and Sergio tried desperately hard in a concerted attempt to penetrate Jacko's hardened circle of protectors and meet him privately; or get his trustees to just give Jacko the ATIS materials they had in their hands, so he would be informed about the living presence of his extra-terrestrial female twin – whilst all the while respecting his name and privacy. They tried his lawyers, secretaries and publicity agents, to no avail. Further cunning efforts to reach him through the help of famous parapsychologists and psychiatrists, then Jackson's showbiz pal the spoonbender and self-confessed 'Psychic Spy' Uri Geller also drew a blank. To date (February 2006) they have received no satisfactory answer directly from Jackson, not even a "Thanks, but no thanks" reply. This is understandable to a degree, given the massive amount of mail the Jackson camp receives from normal-to-crazy fans; plus his desire since the child sex abuse accusations and court trials to remain apart from the outside world, and be overly suspicious of everyone, especially strangers.

A period of depression and hopelessness ensued, in which: "The frustration in not being able to share Irma's enlightenment made it totally impossible for Elka to free herself from Irma's grasp and manifest her own individual talent for the betterment of mankind and the planet".

Simply expressed, the problem is that Elka is connected to Irma AND the other part of Irma which is with Michael Jackson, and it hasn't been much fun for her to experience all the different emotional states of MJ (and even his bodily problems, as Elka can feel when Jacko has a stomach problem or back pain). Sergio has proof of this from Jackson's make-up artist "Karen F", when he asked her a question anonymously, posing as a MJ fan on a Public Relations e-mail line.

What concerns Elka is that everything she does: "looks too much like Michael Jackson". And if she cannot tell people why, then she is stuck... She would like to be able to use her musical talents to represent: "my Family message and again the biggest creator in the Family who is Irma", but if she goes public with such a strange story before MJ is informed, it could maybe turn out to be: "another shit on his head", rather than the wonder-filled and amazingly helpful event it should be. Until they make definite, irrefutable contact with Michael Jackson and receive a personal reply from him – preferably in person, or by letter, telephone, fax or some other irrefutable means of evidence – Elka, Sergio and the whole ATIS Family will not be free of

this awesome responsibility they collectively bear on their shoulders; and cannot move on to the next stage (or "ATIS Cycle") of their lives. They must find Michael and solve the puzzle!

Faced with the unflinching silence of the stonewall, the ATIS Family felt they had no other recourse than to go quietly public and release the story of the Irma-ATIS phenomena via the e-book: *ATIS: One Life In Both Worlds* and the accompanying documentary DVD: *M. Jackson, Irma, Me & One Truth*, which they send out to interested parties. Irma then transmits the material for a demo music CD entitled: *Pray And Fight*, in which she: "expresses her story and her connection to Elka and M. Jackson and the fights and sufferings of everybody for a higher truth and also everything that she saw from the world and communicated about the CREATOR." It's a good piece of work, a powerful blast of Elka's improvised violin playing combined with vocal chants, synthesizer arrangements, computer enhancements and sound effects: a kind of non-commercial, thinking-person's Euro-disco sound with hidden depths. The disk may have sizzled with enjoyable positive electricity, but no-one seemed to understand all the Michael Jackson connotations attached to it.

Although this valiant attempt to reach Jacko via the music business failed to rouse any useful interest or promising leads, it didn't deter the irrepressible ATIS Family, who tirelessly continue their quest to reach the Big MJ and share their wisdom with him, and spread the word to all others who may need it. To date, the ATIS lore has been documented in 26 handwritten volumes; several music CDs, digital video films and e-books, and more than 2000 audiocassettes, most of these items being home-produced samizdat affairs disseminated from the group's Belgium HQ. And the contacts continue. Irma comes when Elka is cooking, playing her violin, or working. She inspired the reconstruction and redecoration of the ATIS Family's home.

When Irma is in the body of Elka, her eyes remain still, with a peculiar fixed gaze, and her facial features become frozen and stony. She claims this also happens when Irma's male twin takes control of Michael Jackson, which is why he is inordinately fond of wearing dark sunglasses in his public appearances. Irma speaks through movement, not the voice; using the non-verbal language of dance. *Every* movement for her means the communication of *something*. Elka is not a trained dancer, but here she is, instantly and with no prior practice, doing Jacko's trademark Moonwalk; the leaning backwards and forwards whilst standing on one spot; and other dancing, just as good as – if not better than – Michael Jackson himself! (At one point on the *M. Jackson, Irma, Me & One Truth* DVD, she actually does the Moonwalk in a *forward* direction – something MJ has never done). Elka effortlessly executes Jackson dance-moves months or sometimes even years before she has seen him perform them in public.

ATIS Spreads

Since the initial contacts, the ATIS Family (aka: FAM ATIS) are now an even vaster and complex spiritual network of levels-within-levels; stages-on-stages; beings-in-beings. Existing on many dimensions, with a constantly evolving membership which continues to grow ceaselessly, consisting (in the invisible world) of individual discarnate human spirits; non-human angels; "aliens who do not participate in experiments with human bodies"; and "beings non-remembering [that] they have ever had terrestrial experience with [a] body...". And (in the visible world) of living human beings. Some have formed into groups or "Family Councils", to better perform their work and realize their objectives.

These days, ATIS initiates (aka "OTI" or "OT": "the name of our level of the invisible world") communicate amongst themselves across the bridge between the worlds via a special form of trance channelling known as the "Auditing-séance", that involves two persons or "Terminals" using the Scientology "Electrometer"; or simply by manifesting to each other directly out of the blue in visions, by clairaudience or some other method, during sleep or waking states, or those inbetween.

One memorable episode involved the ATIS Family's trusty *Pentium 1* personal computer. With the assistance of an otherworldly entity named "Box", they found that connecting to the Internet and turning on the *Corel Draw* graphics program was enough to summon "the children" from Beyond, who manipulated the drawing capabilities of the software so that they could appear visually on the screen. ATIS initiates can also make contact with and explore the "time track" (or past); this enables them to reach back and converse with former members. Although on the Earth at present the ATIS people actually incarnated in the flesh are relatively few – extended into more subtle realms, the ATIS Family claims among its ranks such greatly esteemed personages as: Vivaldi, Princess Diana, Elvis Presley, President JFK, John Lennon, Michelangelo, Walt Disney, Martin Luther King, Van Gogh, Napoleon Bonaparte, Jeanne d'Arc, Picasso, Winston Churchill, the seven space shuttle Challenger astronauts, Leonardo Da Vinci, Frank Sinatra, Nostradamus, Aristotle, Mother Therese, George Washington, William Shakespeare, Lenin, Cleopatra, Stalin, and a host of other luminaries, including "granny Vanga", a famous Bulgarian holy woman.

Conclusion

Of course, on first or a casual reading, the entire ATIS mythos seems like a blatant example of the worst kind of misguided New Age airhead nonsense that the Internet helps to encourage and spread. I wouldn't blame anyone for thinking this. Alternatively, it *could* be a publicity stunt – but Elka and Sergio are already quite famous. And besides, someone possessed by the alien twin of suspected paedophile and animal abuser Michael Jackson (a man who puts complex subliminal messages in his songs, which is why you never

realised 'Beat It' was a call for masturbation, where "it doesn't matter whose wrong or right"; or have never wondered just *why* he is "Bad" and a "smooth criminal"), playing the violin with a fixed stare and catatonic face whilst doing the Moonwalk – is that really the kind of publicity a professional musician and her manager needs? It *could* have been done to make money, but it seems they have enough money, their own home and a nice comfortable life already. If it was done as a *hoax* – then what would be the point? Why would they risk the ridicule, shame and inevitable backlash, not to mention possible criminal charges? If it's been thought up as an elaborate, warped, surrealist *vendetta* to pay back some real-or-imagined slur on them by Michael Jackson: a black media *hex* designed to harm his reputation and ruin his career – he seems to have effectively done that already by his own actions.

What's the other possibility? Are they simply *mad*, *bored*, or a combination of the two, making it up as they go along? Who isn't?

Or is it the public face of something more secret and sinister, much better funded and more coldly organised by the grey ones? As I prepared the first draft of this article, the ATIS Family invited me over from Britain to Belgium to discuss ATIS business further – offering to pay my airfare and expenses and to put me up at their house. A common tactic in spycraft is to draw the target individual out of their normal routine into the unfamiliar territory of a different time zone and culture, where he is isolated from his usual surroundings, routine, friends and habitual stimuli, and now totally dependent on his spook hosts for shelter, language-communication and up-to-date knowledge of local customs and characters (the ignorance of which can lead to very dangerous situations). This has the effect of making the victim lonely and disorientated, in a vulnerable psychological state (whether he feels comfortable or scared); thus he is more easily manipulated. One sees this mechanism at work with people on holiday, whose behaviour can become very unusual, and who commit public or private acts that they'd never dream of doing in their home environment.

Rightly or wrongly – this offer made me suspect I was being set up by the KGB (now the FSB), who for many decades controlled the ATIS Family's native home of Bulgaria, and for all I know may have recruited both Sergio and Elka as agents, and concocted the whole ATIS scenario for nefarious 'Hush Hush' purposes. My (admittedly paranoid and not-a-little psychotic) suspicions were given credence some weeks later, when I e-mailed the finished version of this article (and my Soviet Spy reservations) to a fellow occult conspiracy researcher in the USA for his opinions. Almost immediately after receiving and reading the text he experienced "unusual computer problems" for a number of days.

Russian Intelligence have long sought to create from scratch or join existing secret societies and underground cultural movements, as this provides an effective and legitimate social network in the foreign target country, which can then be used as a convenient cover for espionage activity. Hence the KGB's thorough infiltration and recruitment of 'The Apostles' cult at Cambridge University, whose members went on to top positions in British Intelligence during the 1930s; and the attempted KGB penetration of Freemasonry during the Cold War period of the 1960s in their attempt at Bolshevik world domination.

The ATIS Family's current choice of residence, Belgium, is certainly not unconnected to conspiratorial occult-political groups lusting for world dominance. According to certain hardcore conspiracy buffs such as David Icke, Cisco Wheeler and Fritz Springmeier (whom I admit may be completely insane and inaccurate), the country of Belgium in its present guise was created in 1831 by the Illuminati Brotherhood as an important exoteric-esoteric powerzone of their "New World Order" ruse. Since then it has become the location of the European Union, NATO, and the BEAST 666 computer network (which occupies three floors of the headquarters of the European Economic Community building in Brussels), that allegedly contains databases on everyone in the world. The largest supplier of illicit LSD in the 1960s/70s was a Belgian underground drug lab, and in 1996 Belgium's paedophile SM/murder ring came to light, that was organised by Marc Dutroux, who is connected to the Satanic Order of Abrasax based in Southern Belgium, not far from the worldwide headquarters of the "Mothers of Darkness", namely the Chateau des Amerois (Castle of Kings). In its thickly-wooded, guard-patrolled grounds is a cathedral with a dome containing 1000 lights (the "thousand points of light" in the Illuminati Luciferian Sun-cult system), the place of initiation into the Infernal Pyramid. Children were sacrificed in Black Masses performed by the Abrasax coven, whose initiates were of the highest echelons of Belgium society, including a former commissioner of the EU, judges, senior politicians, lawyers and policemen. Another Belgian chateau was the scene of weird orgies organised by Michel Nihoul, an accomplice of Marc Dutroux. Human skulls were found at the sacrificial sites identified by witnesses, particularly at the headquarters of this nefarious cult, that is said to interconnect with similar sects/rings operating throughout Europe and the USA. Going further back in the history of occult Euro-skulduggery, contemporary poetic accounts of the 1666 Great Fire of London (such as John Dryden's poem *Annus Mirabilis* written that year) describe the "Belgian winds" that helped fan the flames; and some of the early 'Flemish' people were in fact Illuminati bloodlines from ancient Sumer, Babylon, Asia Minor and the Caucasus, who made their way to Europe, and in the 12th Century came over from Northern France and what is now Belgium to Scotland. Within 150 years of their arrival they were running the show, as some of the most famous of the 'Scottish' bloodline families such as Robert the Bruce, who came from the line of Robert of Bruges (in NW Belgium). Hence the creation of Scottish Freemasonry in the mid-1600s, and the diversion of Bruce's genetic stream into the House of Windsor British royal family, and that of the Scottish, Irish and Welsh elite. (There is now official talk coming from the 'powers that be' of abolishing the current Belgium).

From what I know of them as people (they were always the epitome of politeness, and their fervent urge to get their story out to a wider public – shared by many UFO abductees/mind-control victims etc. – never marred this), and after experiencing the proof they've presented to me in various forms of media, about the only deduction I can happily make is that they are indeed telling the truth, at least as it appears to them

subjectively. I've tried to regard the ATIS phenomena from a skeptical viewpoint, but can't seem to convince myself that there's anything untoward or wilfully deceptive going on. If you look at the facts, Elka's and Michael's lives *are* very similar. Both were child prodigies, very gifted artists; her a musician, him a dancer. Both had an overbearing, dominant father who was violent and beat them. The Fathers get their children into the music business and kickstart their lucrative careers. Both get famous when young, then break away from the family to work solo. Elka and Michael both thought they were happily married – but it didn't work out for either of them and they both divorced. Michael lives in Neverland Ranch. Elka lives in Everland House. There is something here is there not – a connection that may be more than chance, and manipulated by Higher Intelligence? Another thing in their favour is that, unlike almost *all* other esoteric cosmologies, there doesn't appear to be a rigid, formal hierarchy in position here. Any ATIS member is free – according to their ability and the prevailing 'spiritual atmospherics' – to speak to any other member about anything, on whatever dimension and at any time. ATIS is a magical democracy, which makes a refreshing change, as does their uncompromising anti-commercial stance:

Everything we have as a knowledge, info, data and experiment, with regard to all social circuits and invisible levels of existence, including that about you, cannot be subject or liable to selling. They can be taken and used by anyone, only on the basis of that person's sincerity, love, responsibility and with their very clear purpose and reason to have it.

But it's still all decidedly *odd*, which perhaps is how it should be... With its colourful cast of characters spouting twilight-infused purple prose and the Anything-Can-Happen underpinnings, the ATIS enigma is so beautiful and charming, that dissecting the matter courtroom-style seems superfluous and plain dumb, a pastime of squares and fools who are probably *missing the point*. It IS ridiculous, but as marvellously ridiculous as the extra-terrestrials who flew countless miles across hyperspace in their UFO just to land in a Wisconsin backyard and give the owner of the property – a bewildered Joseph Simonton – some *pancakes*. It's the sheer *unlogical mindfuck* of it all that makes it so amazing and endearing; and as I and others have come to realise, it is often the more 'out there' and seemingly nonsensical Contact cases – which most people ignore or dismiss – that contain the most important clues to understanding what's really going on in the magical sphere of existence.

Simply watch the ATIS Family *M. Jackson, Irma, Me & One Truth* DVD with an open, unprejudiced mind, especially the home video footage of the dancing. This is the real Dr. McCoy, those film segments have that unmistakable 'high weirdness quality' about them, a genuine manifestation of the supernatural. And, like all the best art, it makes one reconsider what before one has taken for granted, in this case the full ability and true motivations of Jacko (and all men and women for that matter), seeing him in a new light; and making me ask the question: "Just *where* does genius come from?" It is interesting that talented, famous people such as Jacko are widely known as "stars", suggesting our unconscious recognition of their esoteric connection to the celestial realms; and you have to admit it: of all pop stars (and most humans), Michael Jackson is certainly a prime candidate for being alien-touched; a walk-in; changeling; or even a complete alien agent in disguise... There has never been that many individuals on this planet who've had the sincere and life-changing impact on people that Jacko has; an effect so awesome that the majority of his fans cannot define or describe it. The reality of the ATIS-Irma phenomenon would also explain the drastic measures Jacko has made through plastic surgery and the application of potions to change his facial features and skin colour from a Black Negroid to a White Caucasian, as if it were a subconscious attempt to unite with his polar opposite half, his lost female twin Irma, and to live his life with both parts, as both parts.

I did wonder why the Irma entity, with all her fantastic powers, wouldn't or couldn't arrange things through the invisible world so that she could contact and merge with her male twin in Jackson. But superior, advanced, non-human entities are also bound by Universal Law; they too uphold the right of free will, and cannot approach and interact with someone without, at some level, that person's invitation and agreement. Also, as the goal of the ATIS Family seems to depend on an earthly face-to-face meeting, this may be because a necessary and essential factor is to do with the mysterious interaction that occurs between two people whenever they meet – the "Third Mind" as William S. Burroughs and Brion Gysin called it. Something happens, a conjoining of awarenesses and their expansion into something more than the sum of their parts, producing a psychic catalyst for...

I think it is also pertinent that Elka is a musician, and especially a violinist. In his 1842 novel *Zanoni*, the Rosicrucian adept Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton mentions an alchemical violinist, who speaks of the old European folk legend of a certain combination of notes you can play on a violin, that are not normal musical notation. You can only find them by a combination of faith and random chance. If you strike these notes together you go into another dimension. You leave, transcend this world and the human body. It is a key to a divine being. The Christian Church understood this magical power of sound, and banned anything that came close to it, in case it opened doors to weird dimensions, such as the "Devil's Tritone", an augmented third chord that creates a disturbing dissonance. (It can be heard on the original soundtrack to the film *The Omen* by Jerry Goldsmith, and in the opening bars of *Purple Haze* by Jimi Hendrix). In earlier times, the Christian Priesthood became so concerned about these unauthorised sonic-gateways that they went on violin and flute smashing crusades in England, as they knew these two instruments were the favoured devices used in the Witches Sabbath, where they played some very ancient tunes containing the powers to conjure entities and reveal strange worlds to the resonating participants. All sounds are magical, and linked with psychic functions. For example, the Tibetan Singing Bowls are specially designed to alter consciousness by releasing

certain chemicals in the body; the trance-inducing drums of Voodoo; the ascension ability of Hymn-singing; the rebellious effects of rock music. When ancient people made ritual sounds in ritual locations, *they saw beings*. But most of us have lost this ability over the centuries. Maybe naturally, without even trying to, as a child on her violin, Elka struck, if not the correct magical notes that would have transported her elsewhere – but those very close to them, which somehow opened the gate, resulting in the appearance of Irma?

As I was putting the final touches to the first version of this text, I noticed a curious article in the 16 March 2006 edition of my local free newspaper *The North Wales Chronicle*, about: “the world’s top Michael Jackson impersonator” named “Navi”, who was performing here the following week, at the Cofi Roc venue in Caernarfon on March 24. In the current context, the title of the piece: *Navi’s mirror image of Jacko*, is most interesting, and surely no chance coincidence, suggesting as it does the strange parallel ‘Wonderland’ world that the little girl Alice enters ‘Through the Looking-Glass’. (“The show includes a full authentic wardrobe with replica costumes to those worn by Michael Jackson in either his videos or during his concerts”). According to the article, he has actually met and worked with Michael Jackson on several occasions. Jacko has also keenly expressed: “his amazement at his [Navi’s] dancing prowess”, and invited him to be the opening act at Jacko’s 2003 birthday party in Los Angeles, where: “his performance received a standing ovation from Michael Jackson himself”, who then kindly invited Navi to visit his luxuriously fantastic Neverland Ranch.



Navi: the Jacko Clone

Remembering my abovementioned suspicions that ATIS may be a Soviet Intelligence front, note how ‘NAVI’ written backwards becomes ‘IVAN’, the colloquial nickname for a Russian person; and that ‘Navi’ itself is pronounced ‘navvy’, the English slang term for ‘an unskilled (usually manual) labourer’, who carries out the ‘dirty work’ of his-or-her superiors, obediently and unquestioningly, in a slave-like manner, for the ‘greater good’ of the company (just like a Communist). This cabalistic context (the word-number-symbol science employed by many Intelligence Agencies), does evidence the theory that Navi, Elka, Michael Jackson and other successful showbiz ‘chosen ones’ are – with no, part, or full knowledge themselves – some type of mind-controlled agent-drones, soldierly carrying out orders as part of a hive-structured neo-Bolshevik network created by the KGB/FSB, which may or may not be ultimately controlled by some advanced, benevolent, non-human entity or race. Speculation yes, and the mind boggles, but if Navi is also in touch with ‘Irma’, and has already informed Jacko of this entity’s existence, this could be the reason why Michael Jackson hasn’t replied to Elka and refuses to acknowledge the ATIS Family, because his supposedly ultra-unique and exalted individual genius ego is just too freaked out by the idea of *an entire group* of equally-talented ‘Irma’ Contactees of which he is but a part, a mere cog in a massively larger machine.

NAEQ6 Analysis of the ATIS Phenomena

English Qabalah (EQ), better known as New Aeon English Qabalah Cipher 6 (NAEQ6), is the initiated and authentic system of gematria discovered by British occultists in the mid-1970s. Later, their counterparts in America further developed the potentialities of the system via computer programs. NAEQ6 is employed as a means of communication between aliens and human occult adepts. This is often done via the so-called ‘funny names’ and other obvious named clues which continually crop up in spiritualist channelling, UFO visitations, alien close encounters, etc. The more famous, widely-reported cases are especially likely to contain a secret, deeper message, veiled and disguised from the profane.

Applying NAEQ6 to the ‘funny names’ that occur in the ATIS case, and listing in **BOLD** those words of equivalent numerical value (and thus, meaningful relation) that are found in *Liber AL vel Legis* (the Codebook inside of which the cipher was originally concealed and revealed, delivered from Elsewhere to Aleister Crowley in 1904), we discover that:

ATLANTA = 67 = **I LOVE = MY WORK = TEACH = LIFT**. This shows the true nature of Mother Atlanta, creator of the Atlantis civilisation and the ATIS Family, which is exactly that of the Great White Brotherhood. As Creatrix Goddess, she could be described as the “Big One”, that is also the alternative name for Elka, suggesting a link. BIG ONE = 100 = **QUEEN = AM NUIT = MY LIGHT = THE STARS = AND HEAVEN**. This connects Mother Atlanta and Elka to the ancient Egyptian night-sky infinity goddess Nuit (or Nut), who was also known as the “Queen of Heaven”. (Also note that a *Nut* is the bridge at the upper end of the fingerboard of a violin over which the strings pass. Elka is a professional violinist).

ATIS = 53 = **ORDEAL = SHALL AWAKE = CLEAR**. A ‘MEST’, ‘Theta’, or ‘Cleared Theta’ Clear is someone who has attained the highest level of mastery in the Scientology system. The latter of the three degrees is the supreme state of “Clear”; such an individual is, according to Hubbard: “one who has full recall of everything and full ability as a thetan”; and: “a person who is able to create his own universe . . . able to create illusions perceivable by others at will . . . and to have and feel no need of bodies...” (L. Ron Hubbard – *Scientology 8-80*, Bridge Publications, Inc., 1989, p.121). This gematria is interesting, given the influence of

Scientology on the ATIS Family, and the initial distressing 'blessing-in-disguise' experiences of Elka which first drew Atlanta and Irma towards her, the former saving Elka's life during her NDE, so she could go on to become the main channeller in ATIS. Given this qabalistic evidence, which may indeed originate from a higher and more advanced dimension or vibration of existence, then perhaps the ATIS Family really are the ultimate source of Scientology, as they claim.



Katie King

IRMA = 57 = **CORE = HELP**; suggesting that she is indeed a very important being, who either comes from the deepest levels of the astral to assist; or comes to assist the deepest levels of the human mind; or perhaps both. IRMA also equals **KING**, which connects to the long tradition of female mediums trance-channelling spirit intelligences. A spirit named "John King" first appeared in the 1850s to a psychic farmer in Ohio, USA, and then to the famous Italian medium Eusapia Palladino, and many others, via mediums at séances, the Ouija Board and automatic writing, always appearing as a raucous phantom-about-town in the guise of a rough ex-pirate, who loved to recount his adventures. He was even Madame Blavatsky's first Control before she wrote any of her famous books. A contemporary of Blavatsky was the medium Florence Cook (1856-1904), whose Control was called "Katie King", the daughter of (presumably the same) John King. Could Irma be the modern-day manifestation of Katie King, an apparently genuine spirit, who like her father manifests in séances to this day. As Irma does in modern times with Michael Jackson and others – in the Victorian heyday of Spiritualism, Katie King involved herself with prominent and famous people, such as William Crookes, the highly distinguished

physicist and chemist; Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes; Prince Emil Sayn Witthenstein, etc.

KATIE KING = 139 = **UNVEILING = THE BRIDE**. Katie King appeared in spirit photographs as an unveiled bride, and in the ATIS Family's *M. Jackson, Irma, Me & One Truth* DVD, Elka is shown sitting cross-legged in a bride-like white robe and headdress, radiating a brilliant white light – her depiction of how it feels when Irma comes to her. She looks just like the photo of Katie King shown left, taken by Crookes under very bright magnesium light, in which she willingly posed for the camera. Also note that: IRMA + ATIS = 110 = **THE KING**. Further NAEQ6 analysis would no doubt reveal more of the hidden knowledge depth vectors of ATIS, such as the best methods of attaining communication etc.

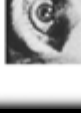
The Network

The ATIS Family welcome correspondence with interested parties, especially writers, editors and distributors who may be able to help them shape and disseminate their material. They may be contacted by mundane terrestrial means via e-mail through their patriarch Sergio Popovski. Their previous address was located at: sergiopopovski@msn.com although their latest one is: atis@telenet.be









the planted eyes
watch the seduction
in your name
whether it was or not
tidal waves
leaders exposed
two dreams
false profits
shifting sands
decision will be made
~~hirelings cannot rise~~
hirelings cannot rise

Respect the Yeti by Stream Angel: Perhaps I seek the ULTIMATE IMMERSION in the filmic-framed gateway to another world. But the last few portals of the Olde Magicke are closing fast, so it's up to us to grab what we can of what's left of the now forgotten world we once loved and loved to search amongst. Where is all the *old* stuff? Where has it gone? What happened? You find a load of videos and they're all just the *same films* from the last few years. In 1979 there were already 4500 different titles on video release in the UK. Untold thousands more went into circulation since then. These old videos should be turning up *more*, not less, now, as everyone clears out the last of their tape collection and moves over to DVD. In my volunteer work for Oxfam, last week we were given a guesstimated 1000 videotapes. None of them were over a decade old. I went through them ALL, and there wasn't ONE film I would want to watch or buy, and there NEVER is! (Curiously enough, the video that's donated the most is *Men In Black*...) I have a HUGE suspicion that the "good shit" (obscure exploitation, weird euro arthouse, pre-certificate horror etc) IS being given to chastity chops, but the morons who work in them are thinking: "Oooh! The box is too big! Oooh! It's a bit scruffy!", and they just bin it so they can put out another five copies of *There's Something About Jobbo* or *Four Jobboes and a Funeral*, or fucking *Friends* compilations. And I don't for one moment believe the widespread "Ultra-Dealer" myth, that these mysterious hawk-like beings always manage to snatch up the valuable rarities before anyone else. On the *other hand* though, maybe it's true after all. That explains why I didn't get anything at the car boot sale the other week, 'cos the Ultra-Dealers had been there before the birth of Cro-Magnon man, 'cos if you wait 'till the Space Age it'll all be gone! One of them bought a *Mr. Blobby* single. It was an ORIGINAL too. The woman on the stall wanted 0.IIIIIIIIIIIp, but he fought her down to a suck on his knob and three carrots. He then sold it on E-bay for £500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. In the end the Ultra-Dealers bought EVERYTHING, including all the stalls, all the tables, all the cars, all the stall-holders, all the punters, the field, insects, the whole fucking lot, and they only paid 5p! Their leader managed to sell one of the tables (you know those wallpaper pasting tables you could get from Woolworths a few years ago) for £879,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 on E-bay because it was an ORIGINAL!!! The Ultra-Dealers all carry swords, and if they catch you even *looking* at stuff, they tie you to a stake and let ravens peck out your eyes. They travel to distant planets and wait in the bushes for intelligent life to evolve. When it gets to the city-building stage, the UD's come up to the people and say: "I'll give you £2.50 for your civilisation". Then they sell it on E-bay for £250. The Ultra-Dealers get elephant ears grafted on to the side of their head so they can keep other punters at bay whilst browsing. They can emit noxious/narcotic gases, change their shape, fire poisoned darts from their anus, and have power over thunderstorms. They are OMNISCIENT and OMNIPRESENT and can be at 27 car boots or charity shops all at once, looking at every stall SIMULTANEOUSLY. If they catch anyone else buying anything they suck their brains out with a tentacle-like weapon. They can travel faster than the speed of light and have homing AND detection devices which have been reverse-engineered from alien technology. They can walk through walls. They buy a giant death ray for *one peseta*, and then do a Fu Manchu. As part of their world domino chain reaction plan the Ultra-Dealers have DESTROYED all the authentic 'junk' shops in Britain: blown them up with laser beams that they emit from their third eye, while everyone else was playing computer games. In the country now, police helicopters hover loudly for hours over the rooftops to "keep the peace". And I have it on very good telepathic authority that Jeremy Kyle is involved in a secret government Eugenics programme. Every morning he's on TV screaming at scubby scumbillies: "Haven't You Ever Heard Of Contraception!!!!?" He doesn't want them to BREED! (make more Jobbo spawn). And think of Trisha and Jeremy Kyle's "DNA Harvesting"... At the rate at which they're gathering it (on supposed "Whose the real parent?" tests), they could have every lower-class breeder's DNA code within 20-30 years. Where are all these rabble-gene samples going? Are Trish and Jez selling them to MI5 under the counter, so their scientific division can create an auxiliary "Scuzz" DNA database (not just from those arrested) from which to select suitably cheap, clueless and expendable examples to do weird experiments on? And for what – a cloned army of docile, obedient scumbillies to swell the ranks of the slave worker-tax payer slates cult? Or are they genetically crossbreeding a "Super-Scumbilly" cannon-fodder zombie army to help the Royal Reptoid Family take over the world again? Sometimes paranoia is beautiful...

Frank Field the magician

By Joel Biroco

Have you seen Frank Field the magician? He works the underground cabaret scene. I'm still blown away by his performance last night. I want to tell you about it. It was late, all the other acts at the club had already been on and we were waiting for Frank Field to arrive. The buzz was that this guy was something different. But he hadn't arrived. Then this tiny guy was walking into the room, tables dotted about, drinks on them. He was the smallest person I'd ever seen, about one and a half foot tall, maybe two foot, he wore a black leather hat had black sideburns and yellow tinted glasses. He walked strangely. And he was carrying about half a dozen sharp throwing knives. Despite his height, he looked like a very dangerous man and as he gazed about people were shifting their chairs away from him uncomfortably.

He explained to the MC on the mic that he had to wash up and get ready. He walked off into a back room. About ten minutes later he came out. He was transformed. He was twice the height, he was about three foot, a midget whose arrival as an evil dwarf was part of his act. The knives were gone, that must have been part of the aura-creating effect. He had ginger hair, looked fairly ordinary for a midget, his clothes now suggested stage magician. He was smiling. He carried on a few sheets of glass about two foot by three foot. He laid the sheets of glass at his feet and said, 'Hello, I'm Frank Field the magician' and no sooner had he said that than he completely disappeared into nowhere leaving his head floating around the audience. The second it happened I just couldn't help saying very loudly 'Bloody hell'. The head started to decompose and shrink while it was floating round, it started smoking and turning green and putrid. It floated really close by sometimes and I thought I saw a wire holding it but still that didn't explain how he had just disappeared right in front of our eyes. Some women were screaming as this freakish head floated by them. Eventually it just shrunk away to nothing and was gone.

We were totally floored by this performance, never seen anything like it before. I just thought Christ stage magic has come on a bit. Frank Field then returned to the stage, walking on. He was going home now. That was it, he didn't really need to do any more. I noticed he had hair as if growing out of the back of his shirt collar. What a weird fellow, I thought. I said goodbye to him as I seemed to be the only person he was looking at when he left. Then I woke up with a start at the transition. It was a dream. But a very real dream. It explained how he managed to create such a superb illusion. I hope Frank Field comes to a dream cabaret somewhere near you soon. Because he's good. Very very good.

YM Note: The above text by London-based writer, abstract painter, Yijing scholar and editor-publisher of the essential 1980s underground occult magazine *KAOS* has been reprinted with permission. It first appeared as the Journal entry for 25 August 2006 on the author's personal website, located at: www.biroco.com



12 o'clock moon

SU5 I8659

..... distributor

Unseekable wave-maker tormenting you to arrive and play no more. Glimpsing a whole lot more it enfolds you and baffles count-wave rider terminating. Ocean view now available at no price, past seeing the stepping into. Work is all around until you cross the shoreline, the engined craft avoiding. Constant will to power focus.

The Hermit Club is royally fucked over by the other world being known, idiot lantern lit. But we live to find out.

The "off the tele" sentence stuck in my mind when I heard it "on the tele". Unravelling the inprint and code; revealing love and love not shared; barricades and bridges trimmed and wrapped. The real never too far away.

The Solution was swallowed, imbibed. The answer found, met. The condition monitored but lived. The desire mounted fully. The taste and feel understood. The words/form measurable and open: asking the world to grow up, asking the Coronet Corps, asking Regional Connors. Asking WEBBER.

The fads of winter; of winter's still autumn splintered. The grey that lingers

in the people that live barely outside their skin. The faces one for another I can't bare; so remain slightly positioned inside. Avoiding an antagonist slight – though not enjoying very much at all.

Escaping the Memory Hoods: dogs defining dogs as dogs; humans defining humans through control. Sick human control smoothly in view. God as referee, timekeeper, ruler, idea or fool. Ideas upon ideas only. Reality IS very different.

Life is definitely not dream but a stepped locale. Had a talk with the old loner independent chap and it seems he is interested in numbers... $42 + 230$ and their relationship to murders involving war and schizophrenia.

He also looks into groups of rings inside pyramids. 3 rings with 3 rings and their use in teleporting etc. Their correct alignment and the right positioning of objects at 40% around them. Small associations that may one day work.

Working with that I see very clearly how the 'brain' can be charged and supercharged...and the working effect that has on everyday wakingness.

LET THE NEW AGE BE OF A NEW THING THAT DOESN'T HAVE MY
NEIGHBOUR'S LOVE TURNING INTO BONDAGE SCREAMS THROUGH
THE WALL AT THREE IN THE MORNING OR DEVELOPED MOANS OF
ANY SORT DEVELOPED INTO LIFE'S VERY REAL EVERY MOMENT JOY.

INVISIBLE RESIDENTS: Manage without a leap year. Wish there was more, and more together. The tail not curled over the eyes. Response or not – the action taken. Christmas trees must be bought in the dark.

TOO BURROUGHS: Layers of interest cycling and recycling through and before my eyes. Lost and dangerous currents, increasing ‘dangerous’ strengths within me. F should be one thing away from C for all to move.

Interzone 1

a timeless stone cracked
under a morning foot of a form
open to interzone
what noise cracked
where sound is heard?
fine diamond of the passage
the waves go unnamed
by the jargoned boats
that sail upon them
except the ones that kill



Interzone 3

a code we have chosen to encode
long ago for the wrong reasons
slowly cracks within us
upon our open mind and senses
the placement of the understanding
is our choice in wisdom itself
the obvious obviously avoided

Interzone 2

watching birds fly is little like
the lunch time of your viewing them
we dwell to point, rest and ponder
that which we have known
from the start
friends needed when found
all kinds
the healing curl of a torn tree bark
the blue eye of the black creature
in that tree

Interzone 4

in words
words out
word hunt cycle code
avoiding the wise I look at the dirt
and all the answers arise
this world is too ill for children
but ripe for mass destruction

MARCH: She very sharp, ‘deep’, light and playful enough... Me reflecting muddy patches if not real... She lives overlooking sea. She been around much but not any bones in make-up styles. Kept herself ‘clean’ but involved...

EAGLE MOUTH: At the point of opening your work is already done. The eyes ruling, the talons serving, the survival no problem. Time to be other, or just continue thoughtless and active.

CHERISH SILENT SENSE: The silver play, bright and bold and songless, etches into every active moment or doddery thought. No Master’s Degree nor herd career: the wise man some soul not in imagination.

£1 STATIONARY PROVIDER OF TIME: Volatile swords forged leaving the fray. What did you sleep last night? Aware of your nakedness, the black space dreams of cracks.

REMEMBER – a lot of what we do is just for this...

The Other Stonehenge Constructor

Otto Schiller is a guerrilla art activist based in the Toxteth district of Liverpool, England. He has placed countless sculptures and paintings in the public realm (i.e. St Luke's Church, Hope Place, the Albert Dock) to varying degrees of acclaim, notoriety, and public disgust, and has also exhibited in the Tate, the Walker, and other Galleries WITHOUT PERMISSION! A one-man art festival, he continues to operate undercover in the shadows, indifferent to biennials, cultural capitals, admirers, dissenters, authorities and other gloopy "NO-NO's" (his term for Job Centre staff, Arts Council moneygrants and all the rest of "those who don't want to help you really"), as he plots his next fantastic caper. We visited Liverpool (where the house-leaping Springheeled Jack was last seen in 1904, who now lives underground in the Williamson Tunnels beneath Mason Street) in 10/07 and after various Liverpoolian has-beens, will-bes and don't-cares had helped us with our enquiries, we managed to track Otto down at his heavily paint-fortified bunker, where, after we had communed with his latest abstract works which surrounded the walls like multi-coloured sentries, he suddenly regaled us with his account of the following strange incident:

Ex-Beatles Wings man Sir Paul McCartney had an exhibition at the Walker Gallery two or three years back. My reaction was to stash a load of bricks from the old Cavern that they filled in (another story), find an ironing board, fish tank, some marble cuttings and other stuff, and make a weird sculpture out of them, saying to myself "No more after this?" because the spy cameras were being put up everywhere then. (I was hoping someone else would pick up from where I left off somehow and continue). At dawn of the morning before Macca's opening bash at the Walker, I placed my sculpture outside its doors with a note saying "Please could you pass this on to Sir Paul", then covered it with a black and white striped sheet like a state funeral, took my photos and...job done. I must be starring on a surveillance tape library somewhere, as I had a balaclava on with the space goggles and camo jacket... I went in some weeks later for feedback and some snottynosed curator woman remarked to her snottynosed assistant about what "a load of rubbish" the sculpture was (it was "a load of rubbish" because I found it all on the streets of dirty old Liverpool, but it took me weeks messing around putting it together – dismantling/rearranging it "in-out-up-down" to get it right!). So I knew they had received it OK, but didn't know what to do with it. On one of the bricks I carved something like: "Dear Sir Paul, how long did it take to shit a billion-dollar brick? And could you shit another one for the other side of the city?" Because at the time (well, long before actually) we were trying (and still are) to raise money for the city to keep the 'pool alive and stop the "Roads to Nowhere". I wrote some other things on the brick as well: "RAW ART" – "WAR ART" is what it was to the snottynoses, who may be able to explain nice classical paintings, that are "rubbish" to some people also. (Where have all the "Art Tarts" gone?). Some time after this James Bond theme and Frog Chorus composer Sir Paul was giving out degrees to art students at the Philharmonic Hall. So I get my camera to take photographs of him. Waited outside for two hours, hanging from a lamppost with the camera over everything else. Good view. Everyone was "Paul we love you!", "Paul, sign this!" (although no-one throws their knickers at him anymore). Eventually he emerged and just before he got into his waiting car I shouted "Hey Paul!" to get another photograph (as us paparazzi do up a lamppost). He looks up and says "and as for you, fuck off!" So I got down, jumped on my pushbike, then rode after the real live Beatle's car, hoping to catch up with him at the traffic lights maybe, and just say "What do you *mean* Paul?!" But then the vehicle's window opened as they turned off the street and a black gown was thrown out of it (like the ones academics wear when giving and accepting a degree). So thanks Sir PM for giving me my award in a Shiverpool street (well, back street). I still have it and wear it in the nude like a Batman cape, as I dance around the room to the *White Album* playing sideways, hoping some of the magic fairy dust will rub off on me. I'll know it has when I can shit a billion-dollar brick like Sir Paul!

Anyone wishing to contact the maestro (especially "masked virgins for extended naked photoshoots in the studio of the King of the Vampires") can do so not by e-mail, txt message or torture-phone, but via proper post c/o the 'Boxholder' P.O. Box 35 address. Write 'To Otto Schiller' on the front of the envelope in pencil, put a stamp on it, send this to us inside another stamped envelope, and we shall pass your correspondence over to him unopened.

PII SS Field Agent Reports & Reviews

LEGEND OF THE WITCHES written and directed by Malcolm Leigh 1969

This is the first-ever home release of the classic late-sixties black-&-white documentary film on British Witchcraft. Visually, the print is rather scratchy and a bit wobbly in places, which is alright, as it adds to the clandestine, underground feel of the work; although the DVD seems to have been mastered from a video copy, and a poor quality one at that, judging from the tell-tale horizontal lines which appear too much and clash the evocative timeline-format effect. Also, it's actually just over 72 minutes in duration, not "1hr 53 mins approx." as stated on the cover. This may be a typo, although there may be a nearly two-hours long, stronger uncut version out there somewhere, as the film was originally already X-rated but now has a 15-certificate courtesy of Establishment censors the BBFC, who don't have time for genuine transgression.

These niggles aside, it's great that such a genuine obscurity, which has hardly ever been shown anywhere before, is now available. The film's structure consists of sensational exploitation supplied via Alex Sanders and his coven dancing skyklad around bonfires; conducting an erotically-charged initiation; an (overlong) doll curse; and a beautifully-stylised 'Black' Mass of Lucifer - combined with historical and heritage aspects, the usual Marg Murray *et al* fancies which were popular at the time, given a certain *gravitas* by the creepy-teacher-type male voiceover. There's also some fine and outré footage of the exhibits contained in the Witchcraft Museum at Boscastle in Cornwall, when it was owned and run by Cecil Williamson. The highlight for us was an ultra-psychedelic ritual skrying session performed by a young, tranced-out Will Self assisted by a motley crew of naked, robed or masked initiates, conducted inside an amazing psychotronic-alchemy lab full of weird and wonderful mind-expansion devices, belonging to an unnamed 'third uncle' figure. A hip and zonky Happening complete with sitar and drums, stroboscope, spinning hypno-disk, narcotic incense, bondage, flagellation and "mystical passes".

Conclusion: a curious documentary which doesn't actually interview anyone and only features two groups of occultists in action; but a definite uniquely atmospherical period piece that will surely thrill all pagan/sixties nostalgia buffs. Contains fascinator goad-lures into the Old Ways, inc. the more darker and perverse aspects, the whole nicely complemented by a deep monkish choral and experimental electronic music score. A tantalising but deceptive blast of inspirational hokum, like much of the 60s/70s spirituality scene. Worth a go if you can find it cheap on the net or in the remainder shop - disappointment awaits should you pay the extortionate £12.99 RRP. (This isn't a black egg to be bought without haggling).

Legend of the Witches was reissued on disk by DD Home Entertainment in 2005. Catalogue number: DD.21465. Region 2 PAL. It is available from: www.ddhe.co.uk online. For a more varied, sleazy and quicker-paced look at this horny nostalgic prompt area try *Witchcraft '70*, which also covers American magical cults and is in lurid colour with hilarious exploitative narration.

OTATO: The Hamilton (New Zealand) Underground Film Festival 2006

A very watchable DVD compilation of independent movie makers from all over the world, far away from the hype-hypodermic stanchion bolt so beloved by the sordid, slumberous mass. 19 shorts covering about an hour and a half in all. Structure: cut/ups media decontrol to more studied scripted manifestations. Low to Higher budget and Fi. Themes: occult, conspiracy, suicide cults, other dimensions, unclassified. This is a great showcase for genuinely alternative people who MUST create, for the sake of it, before all other reasons. And there's another one happening this year.

Especially good are: *Tape Two* by the OKOK Society, about paranormal entities being conjured up in secret experiments; *Remote Viewers Part One [Edit]* by Snake Beings, which concerns a psychic guerrilla group using technology to subvert the mass media message; and *End* by Natalie Good, which is like a particularly strong LSD trip, perhaps one's first, that mixes stimulant paranoia with ecstasy gates. Although the rest of these films are certainly not filler and very worthy of your attention, the whole shebang being far more original, inventive, vibrant and interesting than the oppressive bog budget professional rubbish that is spoon fed over the normal UK airwaves. Why don't they show more material like this? What are they afraid of?

Region 2 PAL. No idea of the price or availability of this disk: contact the producers-curators at: www.circuit47.com/otato - a wild collective whom appear to be connected to New Zealand's Cult of the Dead Light Bulb, formed "by chance encounter in a Bingo Hall" and populated by "Time Monks" who worship electricity pylons and create religious reliquary shrine machines.

THROUGH THE MAGICK MIRROR

A recently inspiring 'chance meeting' we had the pleasure of was with the *Magick Mirror* (www.magickmirror.com), the personal website of Eugenia Macer-Story, respected American poet, playwright, writer and professional psychic. This is deep occultism, investigated and documented by someone obviously "touched by the hand of ?" Her *Yankee Oracle Gazette* (Touché Edition 2006), available for free on the site as a PDF download, contains many truly fascinating accounts of real strangeness.



We were greatly impressed by her knowledge of ancient pirate sorcery lore; admired her bravery and ingenuity in dealing with her "dual with the shadow operatives", which involved an ominous incidence of "CELL PHONE DIVINATION . . . the situation of 'omens and signs' delivered by cell phone"; and were especially delighted with the way she lucidly describes the phenomenon of 'dimensional interpenetration', revealing some of its usually hidden and unsuspected 'twilight language' clues. This is, of course, a main Phase II Satanic Surrealist preoccupation. The article *Woven In The Wallpaper* gives one such example, an image of an otherworldly entity embedded into the wallpaper, which made itself known in "a digital photo of a sitting room stairway nook in the Players Club near Gramercy Park in New York City just prior to a performance of the one woman play 'Jane Austin' by Karen Eterovich on April 11, 2006". (We reproduce it left. Look in the center column).

In a later article she exhibits another example, delivered to her from its clandestine source via a neighbour in Woodstock, N.Y. just before Easter 2006, in the form of a weirdly unusual political-religious flier featuring a collage of snapshots and news photos and much subliminal occult symbolism, including the visage of Afro-American Army General Colin Powell in a white judicial and/or movie starlet wig. Concealed within the leaflet's



design was a devilish imp, peering around a corner in the midst of the crowd. (This figure is reproduced right in magnified detail).

Ms. Macer-Story deduces from their connected symbolic-historical strings that the "three-pointed jester's hat" and "dark goggles or sunglasses" that this "signature image" sports, may reveal that the attempted "sorcery" and/or "behavior modification" effort of the tiny "Jester" is being directed by "the odd alliance between wealthy 'Third Wave' (Fascist) individuals from Germany and other jet set individuals, such as the family of Osama Bin Laden, who are of Mideastern descent. An alliance is seen by these people in terms of a shared, ancient Aryan heritage dating from the lost civilization of Atlantis".

We salute Lady Eugenia as a bastion of Curiosity and Truth, and unreservedly recommend her work to all those brave, kindred souls who dare to look beyond the mask.

SECRET PASSAGES & HIDING PLACES by Jeremy Errand

We found this book by the odd-surname-man off the beaten track on the way back from our search for serum in the charabanc. It was Jasmine's phosphorescent earrings which glowed in the dark that pointed us by dangling code towards the old bookshop down the strange cobbled lane perfumed by cackling nasturtiums and prowled by an enormous white cat like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. On the way there a battered Mini burnt past us along the motorway, the driver waggling a Wellington boot out the window as if he was driving with one leg. In fact we knew it was his arm encased in the 'rubber glove'. We responded by throwing a rotten pear to splatter on his windshield, which scared him off voodoo-style.

The charade continued however, as we somehow knew it would, when several hours later we picked up a young, nubile, blonde-haired hitchhiker, who accepted our offer of a ride with a peculiar hand gesture, then sat nonchalantly in the front seat naked under leather, striking matches down the zip of her tight black cowhide jeans, pulling attention to her fiery-hot sex quite flagrantly. A bluff we surmised, aimed at the more orthodox molester, as was her fighting talk of

being "able to see the dust on top of things that smaller people don't know is there" and unexpected proposal to "write some strings for your scorn-a-thorn magazine".

It's now 'all quiet on the Eastern Front', although we are still unsure as to whether this text is part of the game. When you eat fish or chicken - do you consider yourself to be involved in a conspiracy against these lower life forms? Or is there a singularity beyond the two opposites; a Oneness, no ego separateness comparing conflict opposing? To know that, then would life not seem so much like a murdered butcher?

The proprietor of leaves, renowned for his love of chocolate and cigars, and the ingeniously placed mirrors around the walls whose constant optics gave him total surveillance of his groaning shelves from the red leather armchair of his cubby-hole - picked this tome out for us especially, being long-familiar with our offbeat tastes and desire for weird pleasures. The book was a code-out, a major breakthrough, glowing stepping stones leading to the chalice of our disturbed fantasies jumping out of the mind flick to bite your neck, as it enthusiastically examines the myth and reality of the folktales and ghost stories surrounding the many secret passages and hiding places of Britain, from the ancient to those built for civil defence during WWII. Some neat photographs are here, and the whole does give us the strongest urge to investigate these promising locations further, especially the entirely shell-lined and serpentine underground Grotto at Cliftonville in Kent, which is infused with a potent sex-magical temple aura from beyond.

Published by David & Charles in hardback. No date, strangely, but is probably early 1980s.

NUDE ON THE MOON directed by Anthony Brooks 1960

(No apologies for this review as the large one-eyed rat who controls my life edited the text by walking on my computer keyboard). Special Branch Informers: It is with Me a Great Object to have them delivered up to Me alive and in their Perfect Senses, And to have their Apparatus unbroken, Very whole and in the state they used, with their Modes etc. Publicly Exhibited. Which is why this early colour nudie-cutie film is so genie-arse.

It is America. The offices have fresh air. Perplexed due to his lack of government funding, a stud scientist conveniently inherits \$3 million, so along with his father figure builds the first rocket to the Moon. When they finally get there, they (and us) are surprised to discover that it's non-barren, strewn with rocks of gold and populated by friendly, mute, nearly-naked females and Tarzan-like men, with telepathic antennas on their heads and magic trance-wands. The Moon also looks somewhat like Earth, because the lunar sequences were filmed at the incredible Coral Castle (originally called "Rock Gate Park") in Homestead, Florida, built single-handedly from scratch by Edward Leedskalnin between 1923-1951, using nothing but home made tools salvaged from junk parts. He only worked at night in secret and made the world's only Moondial for his fortress. There is no record of anyone observing Ed as he carved and sculpted over 1100 tons of coral rock, and he never divulged how he managed to move the massive blocks. Ed would only say that he knew the secrets used to build the ancient pyramids, and if he could learn them, you could too! Coral Castle is more restrained visually than the "Ideal Palace" concrete wonderland also built single-handedly by Ferdinand Cheval in France, but is just as fascinating, and far more occult cosmic.

Nude on the Moon is available as a Region 2 PAL DVD from Village Entertainment on www.amazon.co.uk but at £12.99 for 69 minutes you must decide if the magnet's strong enough.

INTERPENETRATIONS

The winking, grey-haired postman wheeled his blood-red cart up the garden path towards my door like an out-of-season Santa Claus playing some forgotten children's game or working an almost-lost folk ritual, reminding me of the Black Chapel of Northwold, that houses the White Sword, made by an unnamed Norwich silversmith in 1666, "to serve the mayor and his successors for ever". Its doorway has the rebus or sign - a Y and a gun - carved into the spandrels. Its hammerbeams contain false vaulting. The original Prioress, Isabella Elm, commissioned a dolls house for Strangers Hall in perfect scale and detail, whose tiny cellar matches the larger other in uncanny simulacra, including that which lays buried in the coloured sands. On my first magic mushroom trip I was with her on an ornate four-poster bed, either in the dolls house, that which it mirrored, or her place of worship.

It was night. There was a haptic thunderstorm all around. The curtains were open, blue flashes illuminating the screen of our naked bodies, awakening forbidden primal atavisms surging forth from within like a ripe pod. A servant entered, carrying strange coffee on an octagonal tray of green onyx. Next to the square porcelain cups were placed two unfamiliar instruments which could not have been spoons, although they should have been. I couldn't tell if our retainer was a man or

woman, but Lady Isabella, who seemed to know everything, picked up one of the tools and offered the other to my trembling hand. As I took hold of the device our helper turned into a shadow, then a stationary silhouette, and finally merged into the darkness of the room and was gone. The next flash of lightning was a pulsating violet, and as I inhaled the electric ozone odour the Prioress, with one of those smiles, pushed me out of bed without touching me. As I fell to the floor I was flying through dark circular tunnels glittering with eyes of green fire. When I landed on the old waxed medieval floorboards it was time for me to get up from the ceramic tiles of the bathroom floor.

I thought that I possessed some evidence of my sojourn with the priestess, in the form of a black silk posy of thirteen rose varieties she had presented me with on our first meeting, but when I searched my pockets it was to no avail, as this too had disappeared into the gloom like our mysterious nocturnal visitor. I mention this as I have mentioned the trusty mail deliverer who had this day given me a black-coloured parcel of similar dimensions to the rose posy. On ripping its tender seam asunder and upturning it, a curious object tumbled onto my desk, to settle next to the framed photograph of the Black Chapel and its White Sword.

As I examined it more closer, a peculiar feeling assailed me that this was not mere happenstance, for my gaze was locked upon a book I'd been after for ages and had now actually got my hands on: *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Faunes and Fairies*, a classic, magical treatise written by the Scottish Reverend Robert Kirk in 1691. An evocative text on the Otherworld and its faery inhabitants that should be read very carefully, as it contains many potent clues still relevant for the modern Psychonaut. Most contemporary information on the faeryworld appears to come from this work. Kirk certainly wasn't your normal Christian, he was reputed to be a seventh son - the mark of a natural psychic - and sailed very close to the wind. He is sometimes clearly writing from personal experience, although disguising it as local folklore and interviews with other witnesses. This tome is infused with the authentic, and it is surely significant that the good Reverend died the year after he completed the book, his corpse discovered on top of his favourite faery knoll, that he used to press his ear to and - like William Blake's Thel - listen to the voices of the ground. Some claim he "fell through a door into the hidden dimension", and remains in that secret world, still communicating his strange knowledge to those who can hear...

For mundane or mysterious reasons *Secret Commonwealth* remained unpublished until 1815. It has now thankfully been republished as a facsimile of the 1933 edition, with added extras, by IHO Books of Oxford, England. ISBN 1-872189-74-1. List price £8.99.

THE UNDERGROUND UNDERGROUND

We've long been cognizant of the more obtuse and outer aspects of such mysteries as the *Tulip Mania*, whose potent bulbs continue to grow so profusely throughout the spirit-level lands of Holland, which is one reason why we keep a close eye on this emanating citadel of the Orange Ray. We are handsomely assisted in this strident and unexpected task by the irrepressible Dutch philosopher Mr. Frits Jonker, who has recently come up trumps again with a marvelous personal website called *Showcase* (<http://showcase.thebluebus.nl>) that lovingly bounces off far obscure cultural manifestations.

He also recently sent us another welcome batch of his excellent *Showcase* newsletter publication strips (a vertical third of A4). *Issue 505* contained the revelation: "Art Mix is an anagram



of Matrix", which has more meanings than you can shake a stick at. Perhaps most curious of all however is *Issue 516*, in which Frits relates how he visited some friends of his who had bought an old farm in the middle of nowhere of Friesland in Holland. In the 1980s it had been used as a brothel and as such had been converted into a murky labyrinth of small cubicles. Amongst the discarded items of worn-out furniture, junk stereo equipment and rusty tools left behind by the previous owners, seventeen audio cassette tapes were discovered. Whilst most of them contained the usual 'found cassette fayre', that is the uninteresting chimes of commercial pop music - one of the tapes had a "so far unexplainable mix of instrumental music on it", and sported an unusual photocopied sleeve that is equally, if not more so intriguing. (We reproduce it above left). What have we stumbled upon here? Does S.M.S. = Subliminal Magic Sex programming..?

These *Showcases* are not really for sale, but Mr. Jonker is a keen trader of interesting musical and printed items, so if you want any, maybe a deal can be agreed. He may be reached at: PO Box 75459, 1070 AL, Amsterdam, Holland. Or via his other website at: www.siteshow.nl

MERRIDEATH 9 by Desert Radio

All of us are conscious of our need for a fresh touch, and said desire was sated here by the arrival this morning of an interesting swathe of 33 pen and ink drawings, hand-sewn into a painted plywood cover and limited to 13 copies, which is best described by its *non de plumed* creator:

The shaggy carpet of time has much fluff, which stops the inner wheel from doing/speaking; not even active in the 'back room' for half-an-hour ever so often. Rooted through your head. This is not understandable even if the situation does not 'require' you. I have tried to make the relationships not cut but made more clear, no matter their distances. This comes from my pictures, which are a kind of 'INFLUENCER' PAINTING - done from a feeling that I don't 'understand'... Something about trusting that which appears against turning against it... From not looking at the big picture but the energy that makes it all up. 'At the end of the day' they are scribbles but I think they might trigger something (vast?) at some point . . . As I mentioned previously, I was short of something to 'paint' on some time ago and so grabbed a Nat King Cole LP cover and splattered over that. I recently saw another one in a charity shop and it had a very odd effect on me, touching 'it' that had not been painted, that was as before..?

Whilst there is undoubtedly a lot of dross and tedium in the *Art Brut* (Champion: Jean Dubuffet) and *Outsider Art* (Champion: Roger Cardinal) fields and related, rest assured that this collection stands out as choice special reserve, something from the inner vault, being a fine exemplar of the 'configurative urge' executed by a mind steadfastly opposed to the grim spectre that Charcot called the "official consciousness". The shimmering effects of the dancing line impart a disturbing hallucinatory quality, as if beyond art the works are maps of incredible lost worlds. There's not much point giving details of price etc., as they're all long gone now, plucked from the author's grasp and taken into captivity to reside on the fetish shelves of art collectors and in the coveted cages of cultural speculators, but if you want to contact the man it might be worth writing a ritual letter as if to the Rosicrucians, as by the time you read this there may be other work available.

AGUIRRE, WRATH OF GOD written and directed by Werner Herzog 1972

In the early hours I had a good dream but was disturbed by alarm bells and lost it. Now just memories of being by the coast that was roaring away with about four large and even stone stacks in the sea getting a battering. I was very calm and just watching. I then got 'up' and read a drawn out book of Cornish psychic past happenings...and went back into dream. Some area of town, concrete steps and concrete walkway at an angle overhead. I had just had a meeting of sorts and came away with a black and silver suitcase. Under the walkway I opened up the case and inside was a rather old fashioned, thick yellowing latex 'thing' - an old sex doll I realised once it was out in the open. I could hear sounds and listened to its head and there was radio static and words coming from it. Glancing to my left, I saw a 1940s-style 'war' poster: a very dismissible simple beach hut and swimmers, simply drawn and painted. Yet in the swimmers there were lots of blocks which appeared from the random overlapping of the subjects and this made me look at the figures differently, as bits and as a whole. Um. Then I realised that the sex doll was transmitting a 'noise dance' based on being chased/attacked by wasps. Fly spray coloured mists. Pepper's Ghost. A voice said "Mind Control is broadcast inlaid. The poetry one removed".

That afternoon, whilst browsing through the tempting shelves of the RSPCA charity shop, I discovered the DVD edition of *Aguirre, Wrath of God*. A classic, magnificent, explosive epic about Everything, dangerously shot in amazing hallucinatory intensity and enhanced by a great soundtrack from German prog gods Popul Vuh. This motion picture tells the story of a band of Spanish noblemen, conquistadors, their priest, women, animals and slaves who go up the Amazon on rafts in search of El Dorado, the fabled lost city of gold. But the madness and megalomania of Aguirre (played by the mesmerizing Klaus Kinski) steadily increases, warping the expedition into a death trip as the malevolent journey unfolds. The perilous situation is not helped by the frequent attacks by cannibalistic natives, who gradually pick off the party - invisibly from the jungle with poisoned arrows - as the hapless party travel deeper and deeper into uncharted territory towards the heart of darkness. (Yes, this film was a strong influence on Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*).

This Region Free, English subtitled PAL disk is released by Stonevision Entertainment in a fullscreen print. Obtainable from: www.fantasyblue.co.uk or: Wardvision Ltd, PO Box 14, Salford, Manchester, M7 1FG. Also recommended is Herzog's truly disturbing *Even Dwarfs Started Small*

(1971), a black and white nightmarish scene whose entire cast consists of (human) dwarfs trapped in an institution on an eerie remote island, who descend into demented anarchy culminating in violent revolt as they overthrow their oppressors.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME/CHRONOMETER by Harrison Birtwistle

I'm writing this in a state of tension because the cops might be round any minute now, as to get rid of some persistent Jehovah's Witnesses I opened the door to them naked, dry ice smoke machine blowing green fog out of the frame as a distorted montage of backwards soap opera soundtracks blasted down the hallway. "Oh, hello there..." As can be expected, this ploy worked beautifully but such unexpected forthrightness tends to attract flak. I dunno about this sort of hopeless fanatic, and their ilk who populate the long-fizzled 'experimental' music world, continually churning out drivel that sounds like they're taking the piss when you know they're actually serious. Maybe it's not their fault, but the direct result of substance-addicted parents, the perfidious impact of stagnant gene-pool molestation and other external stressors, which has resulted in their later anti-social and dysfunctional behaviour such as their creation of wrong song.

An exception to the rule (there's ALWAYS exceptions) is this beauty of an LP by Harrison Birtwistle, a composer more known these days for his serious works lapped up by posh people like a reverse opera screamers shunt. This however is a far more out-there earlier affair, done in the mid-seventies, that shocking era of cusp-chance-taking, which explains this good old vinyl album in a good old gatefold sleeve, which features a fine allegorical engraving by the 16th Century artist Peter Bruegel the Elder (or Pieter Breughel the Younger) entitled 'The Triumph of Time', which inspired the audio composition of the same name presented here in the spiral groove. It's not so much *The Triumph of Time* piece, slick though it is and professionally sculptured in waves by the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Boulez, its three recurring themes always undergoing metamorphoses - but the other side, *Chronometer*, which stands out on the genius map. Realised by aristocratic sound-lover Peter Zinovieff at the EMS Putney Studio, this is an astounding tape montage constructed from all sorts of time-measuring devices. Brilliant idea: to reach beyond the vision of Time's relativity by transforming the mechanical divisions of Time into the timeless space of music. Really hypnotic, the ticks and chimes drift in and out of consciousness, forming an enchanting fairy tale atmosphere? Dreamlike-removed anyhow. The Old Curiosity Shop of the Mad Inventor, whose crazy as clockwork sex-automatons dance a shatterjack witches jig dictated by their polished brass minds influenced by magnetic fields from outer voids.

This record somehow reminded me of Mr. Skins, an 'ex-SOE war hero', who would attract and hold on to the local kids of the neighbourhood by doing magic tricks for them under a gnarled and twisted old oak tree in his secluded back garden. His speciality was "Pennies from Heaven", where he'd throw an imaginary stone up in the air, then catch it in a small brown paper bag, enforcing the illusion by secretly flicking the outside of the bag with his fingers to imitate the pebble's landing sound. He would round off the deception by palming a coin into his other sleight-of-hand, that would rummage in the bag then produce the magic money, which he'd offer to the latest favourite little friend who'd taken his fancy. He would also show us his unusual medals, like the *White Phoenix*, and a very peculiar one which he wouldn't name, with triangles within triangles, all of a different colour, adorned with strange engravings and set with unknown jewels, which he'd rock to and fro, the glinting sunlight off the metal and the jarring of colours in motion hypnotising us into trance wherein we lost all sense of time and place. We always came back with a peculiar sense that something awesome and arcane had occurred, but could never remember any details.

One day I was walking past his house and his dog Rex (Latin for 'King', though this canine was more like a *Hex*) came out and began to fuck my leg. I was too young to understand what was going on, and didn't pull away, so Rex shed his viscous, pungent dog sperm over the bottom of my trouser-legs and shoes. All the while Mr. Skins was smiling at me from an upstairs window, as this was in fact a carefully planned sorcery-set-up; a fiendish occult charade designed to look like a random chance event. When I realised this many years later, after long deep study of the paranormal combat sphere, I went back to his strange-smelling ivy covered house and questioned him about the matter. Although he was very ancient by now, I knew he was merely feigning senility when he told me the whole incident was brought about by the "Husbands in the carpet". I pushed him further and demanded a full and correct explanation of the events, but on this matter he remained obdurately silent, although gave himself away at the end of our conversation by emphasizing his need to be "cautious" - a masonic word of recognition. Anubis, the canine-headed, man-bodied ancient Egyptian deity associated with the 'Dog Star' Sirius, was both the "Guardian of the Gates" and the "Opener and Guide of the Way"...

The Triumph was originally released in Stereo on the specialist intellectual Argo label (a subsidiary of Decca) in 1975, as part of the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation Series (8). Catalogue number: ZRG 790. Well worth the hunt for those who know they need it. No idea if it has been reissued on CD, but that would be a no-no move anyway. Some things just have to be heard via analogue recording and reproduction. Engineers have complained for ages that record companies have forced them to master CDs at a level that is actually tiring to listen to, especially at high volume, where the unnatural-to-the-ear choppiness of the saw tooth formulation inherent to digital audio frequencies actually induce anxiety and tension.

MUSICAL DARES - HOFFNUNG & HOBS

Today I did what I sometimes do and bought the latest issue of *Bizarre* magazine. Don't know why, as - like *Fortean Times* which I also occasionally buy - this glossy newsstand publication is always so full of tedious 'weird shit'; different but the same. Then I went home and was surprised to find an unexpected suspicious package lurking on my desk originating from our colleague Simon Morris, whose surname decodes to the first name meaning of the Latin for 'dark-skinned': the "Black Man" master-spirit of the medieval witch coven, inspiring ritual dancer of trickster skins.

Mysterious Mr. Morris had kindly sent an "advance pirate yo-ho-ho copy" of *AL AL WHO* - the all-new song collection by Blackpool's premier derangement boffins the Ceramic Hobs, of whom he is chief vocalist and ideologue. *Hob* is a corruption of 'Robin', the name the Black Man often gave when summoned by his acolytes in sorcery or appearing unbidden in the midst of the unwary. *Hob* is also the early English term for a 'mischievous goblin', and - true to the word magic - the Ceramic Hobs have been unleashing their perverse and peculiar brand of raucous punk menace experimentalism for over twenty years: outsiders on the outskirts of the music scene, like troublesome spectres glimpsed from the corner of the eye.

This curiously-titled audio CD is surely their *magnum opus*, crepuscular and dripping with authenticity. A paragon of unreason, symbolic to the point. The royal disturber, destroyer of unseen snares. Obviously, the "stars were right" for this recording, the sounds possessing that enigmatic sense of 'effortless genius' when it all comes together without seemingly trying to. *AL AL WHO* is joker's wild, going places... Witches into wolves, a black angel's egg waiting in the wings. Its dark demented frenzy knocks all currently-in-vogue nightmare solemnites, pseudo-underground fartoids and arse-licking indie light entertainers into a cocked hat, with bells on. This is the glamorous and dangerous world of border crossings, brainstorm militias, chaos messages from *out of town*... I haven't specifically described the actual music as this material is about far more than jukebox pleasures. Suffice to say that Old Mr. Toad must be hopping mad by now, considering how yet more of Secret Squirrel's Blow Codes have been outed by yet more of the naughty rebellious characters who've escaped his programming clutches and finally smashed right out of Looking Glass World to fashion yet another strong antidote - this time in the form of a warpedly enjoyable, overpowering record of mounting tensions exposing the dastardly deeds of iniquity perpetrated by the toadies and their kin, whilst willfully offering no substitute.

Check out where the (human and otherwise) Hobs are coming from and going to at their recently expanded Pumf website, which is currently vibrating at: www.pumf.net

Thankfully, *AL AL WHO* arrived just in time to dispel the irksome combination of opinions I was holding about the two Gerard Hoffnung LPs I had acquired for the princely sum of 10p each. I'd only heard snippets of this eccentric composer of "extravagant symphonic caricature" before, so was looking forward to a full helping. The sleeve notes to *The Hoffnung Interplanetary Music Festival 1958* (World Record Club Limited, T 701, 1958) read: "the first discussions about the 1958 Festival took place (I am not inventing this!) in the Hippopotamus House in the London Zoo with the chief occupant making waffling contributions which Hoffnung alone could interpret and communicate", which was certainly a promising lure toward the Expectation Trap - as unfortunately, most of the record is on an opera theme, although I did enjoy 'Punkt Contrapunkt', a piss-take of twelve-tone composition and its pompous intellectual champions, which was introduced by two great accented, deliberately overacting "teutonic musicologists". Their discussion and the following playing of this short work before an assembled audience who didn't know what to expect was a most satisfying discombobulation, an effect heightened by the fact that this supposed musical parody actually sounded a lot more interesting than the 'authentic' material it lampoons.

The Hoffnung Astronautical Music Festival 1961 (World Record Club Limited, TP 717, 1961) - made after the composer's death as a tribute - also had its moments high, with 'Horrtorio', an oratorio form starring Edgar Allan Poe as narrator, with Count Dracula and his daughter, and

Dowager Baroness Frankenstein and her son as the players. I didn't go much on the music, but it's always pleasing to hear these evocative gothic names spoken through amplifiers into echo halls. And then 'Ballad of County Down, mostly in D major', something to do with space music via a vulgar boat song; an opus viridian firing off an effective sound-art-collage section where two young bees, dislodged from their hive by inter-continental rocketry, go bumbling about in a confused dance until they fall in love and live happily ever after. This, and their resulting wedding music was quite nicely disorientating sonics, especially on headphones, as they crossed each other's paths through the mind's ear (both LPs are in Stereo). It's surprising that to our knowledge this piece hasn't been sampled before by one of the many Nurse With Wound imitators.

Although this duo of black, twelve-inch polyvinyl discs perhaps wanted to, and indeed occasionally did remind the perceptive one of delectable midnight portals - overall however, these stodgy twins constituted a rather unwanted, control bed, cringe-provoking, excruciatingly annoying exercise with no time for Tiger Balm - safe mode Establishment friendly BBC Conspiracy approved brand of moron humour. A very punchable Goon Showesque unfunny drone quaquaversal quagmire detention cup of tea irritatingly contrived dry humping Boy Scout string-vest fuck tourniquet moral straightjacket slippers and pipe; i.e. a right stuff jovial family favourite designed for the middle classes to let off a very measured and controlled burst of steam before rubbing their noses back up the chafing arse of the grindstone.

This affair sadly reminded the assembled and prepared Phase II Satanic Surrealists who listened of a film parallel: how the early Disney animated films could have been FAR MORE AMAZING without the commercial constraints of big money censorship shaping to aim at the widest audience - if the writers, artists and musicians had been allowed to REALLY let their imaginations run riot and flow without hindrance or limits. What's with the skunk?

ANTHEMS FOR THE SPACE BUS by the Hallucination Generation

Last and least, provided by the Descended Masters via their earthly vessels the Shady Lady and her consorts, comes this repulsive compact disk containing sixty extremely tedious, torturous minutes of stereotyped rave/trance/techno/whatever-you-call-it electronic dance music muck spreader machine dirge, the sort that has that awful unrelenting monotonous rapid computer pus bass-drum doom-loop beat that comes through the wall to annoy countless neighbours across our fair country. Who on Earth would want to listen to this? Although of course, it's the *perfect soundtrack* for today's shallow, miniscule attention-span, novelty-obsessed younger generation whose finer abilities of mind have been destroyed by computer games, cell phones and internet - the latter's Myspace (Ha!) etc. networking websites making everyone think and act the same, just as TV did before. If brains were gunpowder they couldn't blow their baseball caps off.

Way back in 1949, George Orwell predicted the emergence of this horrible mind-control plastic voodoo brick wall music and the warlike cultural environment in which it would flourish in his uncannily prophetic novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four*:

The new tune which was to be the theme-song of Hate Week (the Hate Song, it was called) had already been composed and was being endlessly plugged on the telescreens. It had a savage, barking rhythm which could not exactly be called music, but resembled the beating of a drum. Roared out by hundreds of voices ["Acccciiiiidddd!!!!" - Ed] to the tramp of marching feet, it was terrifying. The proles had taken a fancy to it, and in the midnight streets it competed with the still-popular 'It was only a hopeless fancy'. The Parsons children played it at all hours of the night and day, unbearably, on a comb and a piece of toilet paper.
(Penguin Classics edition, 2000, p.155)

The hair-rake and bog-roll instrument is of course a sonic metaphor for the intensely annoying, tinny-sounding ipods and MP3 players carried by the masses and played on the streets and public transport like insidious, latter day telescreens, churning out the endless death propaganda of the Party. On the last page of his Big Brother book Orwell warns us that the final and full adoption of *Newspeak* - the official mass-control language of psychic dictatorship - has been fixed for 2050, which seems about right, the way things are going.

If you value entertainment over sanity this CD is available from: www.olaf.co.uk but who the flip is gonna pay thirteen squid for yet another brick in the norm wall? I suppose a sucker really is born every minute, but we can in no way condone such a rash transaction foolish act as this. There's no room here. Enough of "The Meddling Coast"!

So this is the latest publishing venture of the Glorified Legion. Infused with the Authentic Attitude, its multilevel functioning a meeting point for members; a forum for information exchange; a chance for chance; and an 'open station' for unknown enigmatic influences.

We sensed strong forces around us whilst preparing this Edition-the-First for print near the end of October MMVII. A feeling that was outer-evidenced on Halloween, when the "Angry Red Planet" and ancient "God of War" Mars glowed brightly like a candled pumpkin all night, as it began its closest approach to Earth for two years. Mars is appearing larger every night, and will be only 55 million miles away from planet Earth this coming 24th December of the year MMVII. In occult symbolism, all of this strongly portends a time of fire and fury; it be an omen that titanic combat or a major conflict of some kind is about to break out.

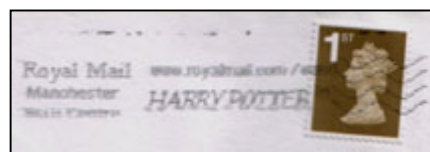


UK 9/9/2007: "We shall overcome..." A rare visual appearance in the world of form by one of The Ringleaders. Note the black clothing, painted white face and red lips, and symbolic Jacob's Ladder.

This 'esoterro-octo-month' has also provided us with other noteworthy synchro-signs, especially so in the form of Postal Franking, used to convey secret messages to field agents and 'subliminally' influence the civilian population since the early 1980s. We received these two examples shown here on the same day. Sent, in this context, by some rather interesting parties. The missive from America contains, rendered in red ink, the blazing wand: one of the supreme fetish symbols of the Illuminati Order from its very beginning.



The British compliment, portrayed in black ink, gives the world wide web url for: 'www.royalmail.com/wand', which, due to its glaring capitalised 'strapline' underneath, we did presume would take one to the Royal Mail's official website page announcing a set of Harry Potter themed stamps. (Know that this



'phenomenal' literary sensation's real function is a slick IO recruitment tool for the next generation of neo-Faustian occultists who will jump at the opportunity to join the club when they get the call). Maybe it did originally, but when we typed the web code into the search window an unexpected page manifested detailing a new set of six British stamps commemorating 'our' octogenarians Queen Liz and Prince Phil's Royal Diamond Wedding Anniversary, which will fructify this future 20th November MMVII, when Her Majesty becomes the first-ever reigning Sex Sovereign to celebrate their Diamond-level (60 years) marriage span.

These serrated rectangles shamelessly revel in the suspiciously German bloodline couple's unelected imperialist dominance of fair flesh and flour, showing the über-privileged pair at a thanksgiving service inside St. Paul's Cathedral; inspecting the King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery in Regent's Park; larging it in luxury at the Royal Ascot horse races; and smirking conspiratorially during the annual Knights of the Garter Ceremony at Windsor. All these events actually being, beyond the mask, cleverly disguised black magic rituals, performed to assist the retainment and expansion of the British Crown's hegemony.

But why? What is waiting in the wings? Guaranteed global pandemonium by 2012. And S.I.R.I.U.S... To expand further upon that which we stated in the Udderterritorial: In league with the Other Ones, the central element fundamental to our work is to foment the discovery or generation, and manifestation, of one's true potential. The invocation or evocation of Genius... Here and now, amongst the Great Game of Life, wherein self-evolutionising chancers dwell in a paradise paradise. Are you alone? Open the door then. Seize the Power!

A mirror here would make a BIG difference

